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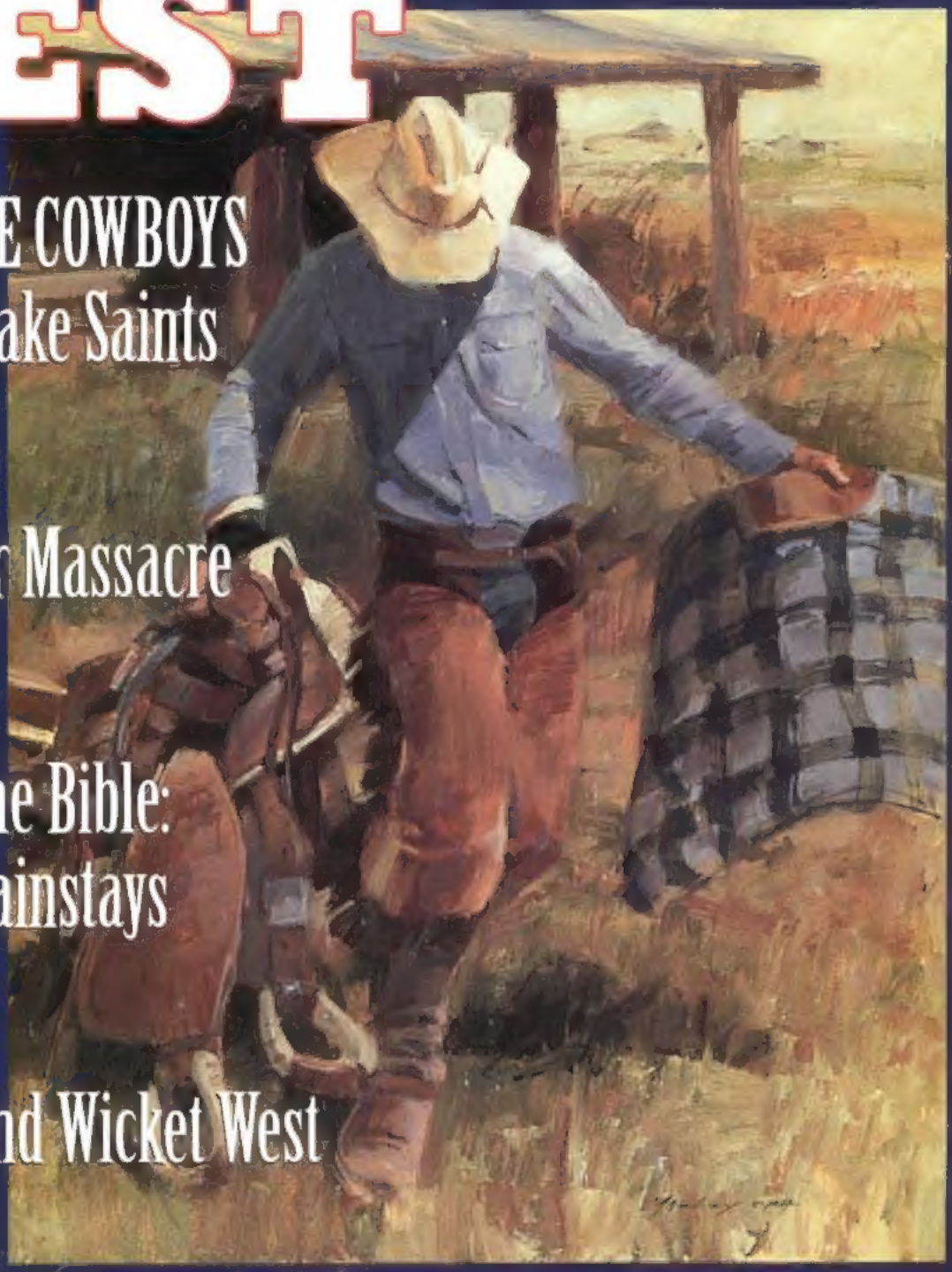

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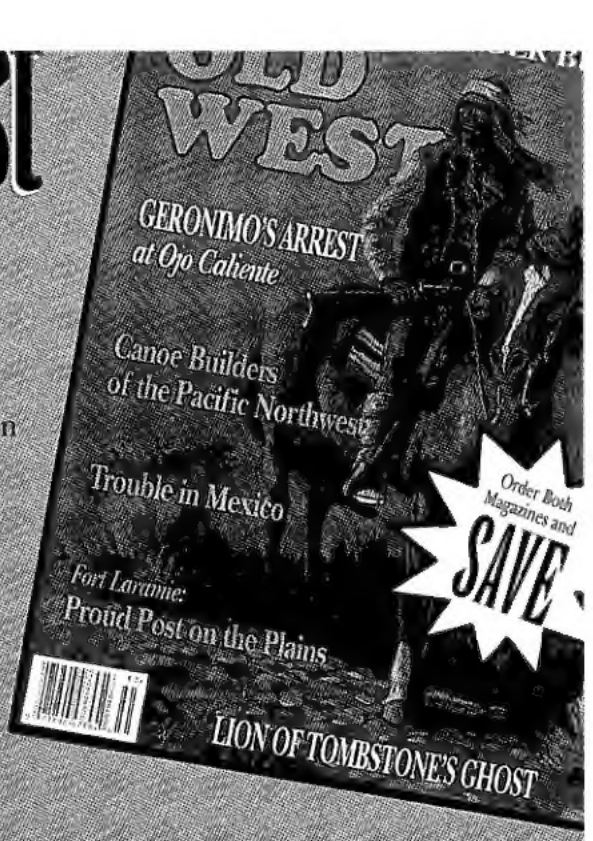
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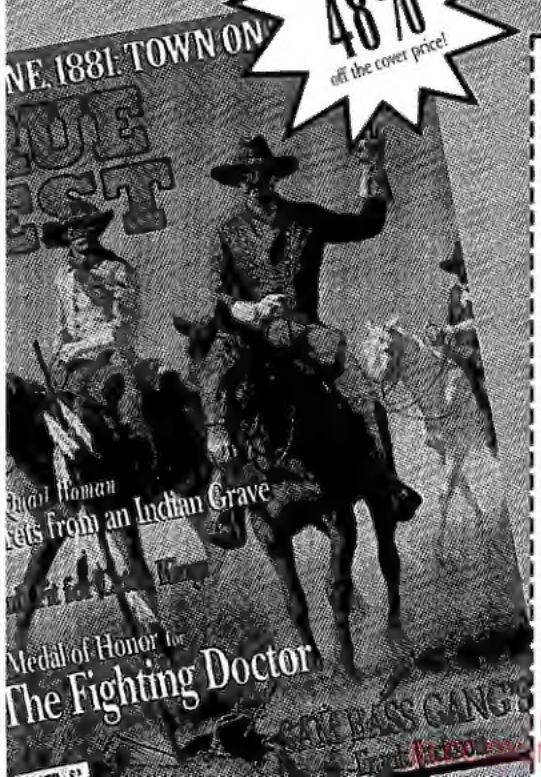

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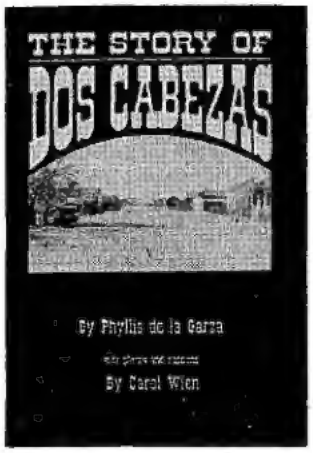

THE STORY OF DOS CABEZAS

By Phyllis de la Garza
with photos and captions by Carol Wien

The twin peaks known as Dos Cabezas are distinctive landmarks of Cochise County. Nestled at the foot of these peaks is the equally fascinating mining community of Dos Cabezas.

This town sprang into existence as a watering spot on the Overland Trail. In the late 1850s and early 1860s Ewell Springs was a regular stop on John Butterfield's Overland Mail route. When prospectors found gold ore at the base of the peaks two decades later, Ewell Springs became a milling center. Hundreds of mining claims were staked. By 1881 the boom town of Dos Cabezas had sprouted.

Unlike so many Western mining towns, Dos Cabezas did not boom and die when its gold deposits were exhausted.

In the early 1900s major mining companies were organized to retrieve copper locked in the twin peaks. One such enterprise, the Mascot Copper Company, was put together by T. N. McCauley. Stock in the mining company was sold from San Francisco to New York.

The village swelled to more than 4,000 inhabitants. For a while it looked as if Cochise County would have another Bisbee. That was not to be, however. While there was plenty of copper mineralization, little ore was mined; the Mascot was a giant stock swindle. And when the bubble broke, Dos Cabezas rapidly faded.

A ghost town now rests at the foot of the peaks. That town has not been forgotten, however. Phyllis de la Garza has resurrected the life and times of Dos Cabezas, and it is a story told with ease and clarity. Embellishing this book are photographs by local photographer Carol Wien.

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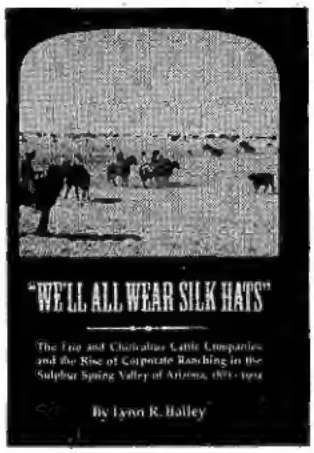

"WE'LL ALL WEAR SILK HATS" The Erie and Chiricahua Cattle Companies and the Rise of Corporate Ranching in the Sulphur Spring Valley of Arizona, 1883 – 1909

By Lynn R. Bailey

This is the story of two Cochise County ranches: one, a household name among Arizona stock-raisers; the other virtually unknown today. More than a century ago they monopolized much of the one million acres comprising the Sulphur Spring Valley, incorporated during summer of 1883, the Erie Cattle Company was located near the international border at the southern end of the valley. At the northern end of the Sulphur Spring Valley sat the Erie's counterpart — The Chiricahua Cattle Company. Incorporated in spring of 1885. What do these two companies have in common? A lot. Their principal founders were Pennsylvanians — a link which gave these companies enormous power.

In collaboration with other ranchers, the stockholders of the Erie and Chiricahua Cattle companies spearheaded the formation of the Cochise County Livestock Association, fought rustling by putting into the office of Sheriff, John Horton Slaughter, a hardened Texas frontiersman. The two ranches also led the fight against exorbitant railroad freight rates. When the Southern Pacific raised rates they advised stockmen to drive their cattle to market. Those drives, forgotten today, were more heroic than any Tombstone street fight.

This is more than just a history of two ranches. It is a story of industrial growth; of interaction among stockmen to survive in the face of uncertain markets and capricious weather. For the most part this is a story not of cattle barons, but of hard working, pragmatic men who fought to stay alive in a business that at best was speculative.

A beautiful 5 ½" x 8½" hard cover book; 231 pages, 33 photos. **Price: $26.95**

THE GREAT ESCAPE: The Apache Outbreak of 1881

By Charles Collins

On September 30, 1881, Juh and Geronimo left the San Carlos Reservation with about half the Chiricahua Apaches. During their journey they passed near Camp Thomas, Willcox, Tombstone, present-day Elfrida, and then thru Guadalupe Canyon into Mexico. Enroute they attacked a wagon train and fought the cavalry twice. This book chronicles the origin of this breakout, its conduct, and the pursuit which was little short of a fiasco.

Military response was characterized by mismanagement, delay, and confusion among army hierarchy. During the chase, the commander leading the pursuing force stopped his troops because the ground was "impassable on the account of the heavy rains then falling." While they were camped, a civilian party, also chasing the Indians, passed near their campsite and then traveled an additional 17 miles before returning to camp with the soldiers. Nevertheless, it is a dramatic story, thoroughly documented with new data, and augmented with extremely accurate maps, drawn from sketches made by an officer who pursued the Indians. These maps and accompanying data locates several battle sites which have previously been thought lost.

This account is recommended for anyone interested in the early 1880s period of the Apache Wars, or in the histories of Arizona's Graham and Cochise counties.

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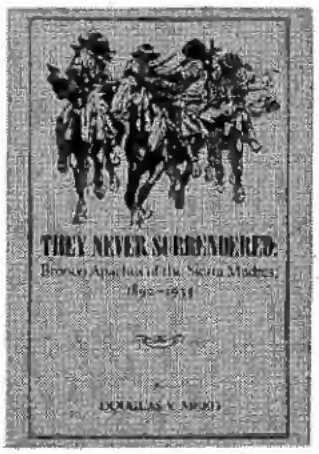

THEY NEVER SURRENDERED: Bronco Apaches of the Sierra Madres, 1890 – 1935

By Douglas V. Meed

A 20-foot high monument of stone on Highway 80 East commemorates the surrender of Gero-nimo and his band of renegade Apaches in nearby Skeleton Canyon. A bronze plaque cemented into the monument proclaims "The Surrender of Geronimo in Skeleton Canyon, on that historic day (September 6, 1886) forever ended Indian warfare in the United States." That statement is not quite true. For at the time of Geronimo's surrender there were other Apaches, hiding in the Sierra Madres, who would never submit to the disgrace of being taken to a reservation and assigned a number. They vowed to hold their mountain fastness against all comers and live according to age-old customs. They would, when they chose, descend upon the hated Mexicans, and yes, even the Americans, and exact their revenge.

Over a wide area of northern Sonora, Chihuahua, and into Arizona and New Mexico, they created havoc for decades. Unwary vaqueros were murdered, cattle cut out and driven off from isolated herds, ranches shot up; a stockman's wife murdered and his son kidnapped. Thus began a bloody vendetta, which ultimately ensnared the military of Sonora and the town government of Douglas, Arizona. Word went out: Apaches were the game. Thrill seekers rushed to the border to get in on the hunt. This is the story of those Apaches who never surrendered; and of Francisco Fimbres, a Sonoran rancher, who relentlessly pursued; and of the men who flocked to the border in the midst of the Great Depression to participate in the sanguine carnival of the last Apache campaign. Hard cover, 5½" x 8½", 216 pp; 16 photos. Edition limited to 1,500 copies. **Price: $23.95**

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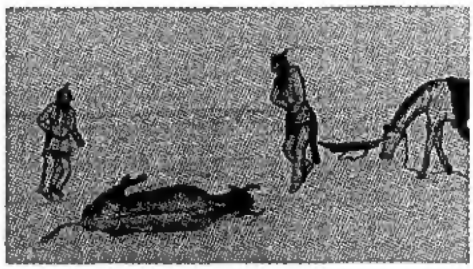

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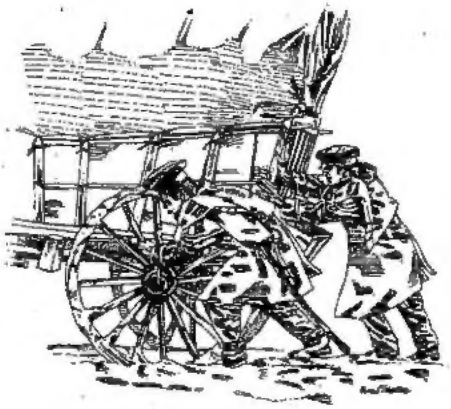

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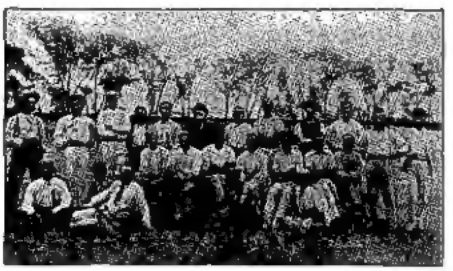

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, folks!

Here comes another of my own personal efforts at a "cryin' editorial." Long-time readers will recall founder Joe "Hosstail" Small's cryin' editorials, in which he implored them to pull *True West* (and *Old West*) to the front of the newsstand so more people would see it and plunk down their hard-earned cash to buy it. "Don't move it out of its section," Hoss would admonish. "That just riles up the folks who stock the shelves. Move it to the front of its section so the whole cover shows and it's easy to see. And if you can't find it on the newsstand, ask the storekeeper to start carrying it."

Then Hoss would go on to cajole readers to give subscriptions to their friends, recommend it to their acquaintances, and generally brag it up wherever and whenever they had the chance. The idea was that faithful *True Westerners* were the best sales force that any magazine could have.

With the publishing business being the risky proposition that it is, every magazine needs a good sales force, and Western Publications' loyal friends have always been a great one. Over the years, your word-of-mouth evangelizing has helped keep *True West* alive and healthy by bringing thousands of readers into the fold, with threefold benefits. First, it keeps a handful of harmless souls, to wit us'ns who build this book, off unemployment and out of jail. Second, it initiates converts to the excitement and adventure of the Old West as it really was. Third, and most important, it makes it possible for us to "keep 'em coming" and provide you all with your monthly dose of western adventure.

Well, folks, it's time to saddle up and ride once more into battle. You all know what's been happening to the price of postage lately, and you all know what kind of weather they'll be having in hell the next time the price of mailing a magazine goes down.

What you might not be aware of, though, is that the price of paper has been sky-rocketing faster than Alan Greenspan can raise interest rates. I can't account for that, since inflation in general has been low for the past couple of years. Newt Gingrich, I reckon, could fathom out for me how it's all on account of the Environmental Protection Agency and spotted owls.

My own theory, which is probably as demonstrable as anything to come out of a lecture hall in Georgia, is that when the printers' gremlins saw that we were showing off *True West* on fancy slick paper a couple years back, they immediately set out to raise paper prices to the point where we could barely afford newsprint, let alone the pretty, white stuff. Leastwise, it was at that very moment that the cost of paper started its most recent spiral.

So now we're back to the old tried-and-true pulp paper of our past, which some folks have avowed was always part of *True West*'s "charm." I, on the other hand, prefer to think of it as the pulchritude of our pulpitude.

It looks like we'll be staying in the saddle a spell longer, but in the meantime I've tied Joe Small's very own cryin' towel to this stick and I surely will be obliged to you for rallying to the banner. If each of you who loves *True West* helps us spread the word, we'll have the best sales force in the world, and it will number 30,000.

All you have to do is spread the word. If you know someone who loves the Old West, make sure they know that *True West* is their best source of facts. Then harp, harangue, and cajole them into subscribing. Give a subscription to a deserving soul. Look for *True West* at the newsstand. If you can't find it, ask for it, and if you do find it, move it nice and gentle like to the front of the rack. But don't move it out of the section where you found it. After all, I wouldn't ask you to do anything that Joe Small wouldn't have done himself.

John Joerschke

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TWO VOTES FOR BOYER

I am writing in response to Jack Burrows' letter attacking Glenn G. Boyer's *Wyatt Earp Legendary American* series (*True West*, August 1993–September 1994) and, in fact, Mr. Boyer's life work.

I do not use the word *attack* lightly, for while claiming no personal rancor and mentioning his finding Mr. Boyer both helpful and insightful, Mr. Burrows goes on to challenge the very existence of the memoirs edited by Mr. Boyer. "Do they really exist? If so, has Boyer interpreted them correctly?" In other words Mr. Boyer at best is incapable of interpreting a manuscript, and at worst is a forger, fraud, and liar.

Burrows is troubled by the fact that the three memoirs edited by Mr. Boyer have different versions of the Earp killing of John Ringo. Why? Since the memoirs were written by three different people, or more correctly were written by authors of differing levels of ability from information supplied by three different Tombstone pioneers, it would be surprising if they did agree. It would be a sign of the fraud Burrows so fears if the versions were to agree closely in particulars. Similarities, not differences, are evidence of a common authorship. Anyone reading all three accounts could not fail to notice the different writing styles of each. This is what you would expect if different people wrote the memoirs.

Burrows questions Josephine Earp's account on the grounds that it is more detailed than Wyatt's. "Why would she have more information than her husband?" She didn't. Josephine did not get her account from Wyatt as she stated in her account. After Wyatt's death she and her coauthors did research among other Tombstone old-timers and even went on a fact-finding trip back to Tombstone.

John Flood wrote down what Wyatt Earp told him some forty-five years after the events. Wyatt obviously spoke from memory only, and was apparently a man of few words. The memoir is written in the style of a movie script. John Flood, while a very good friend, was a very poor writer. The maps of the gunfights are the best part of the entire work.

Mabel Earp Cason and John P. Clum, authors of Josephine's two separate memoirs, were much better writers, and Clum had also been a witness and participant to much of what went on in Tombstone.

As for the existence and accuracy

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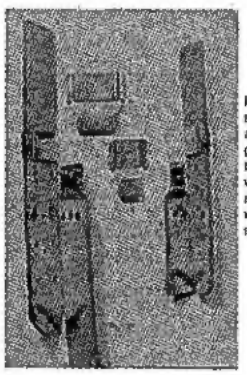

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of Mr. Boyer's printed accounts of the memoirs, this past July at the Western Outlaw Lawman History Association meeting in Deadwood, Mr. Boyer presented the membership with documentation and affidavits, sworn and signed by the family members who supplied him with the original copies of the memoirs. These affidavits attested to the existence of the originals, the fidelity of Mr. Boyer's printed work to these originals, and their personal knowledge of the history of the manuscripts.

The families entrusted the manuscripts to Mr. Boyer, trusting in his integrity and skill to bring the story of their relatives to the public. The families asked only that the truth as they knew it be told. They did not feel their trust was misplaced. Neither do I.

Glenn G. Boyer has spent decades researching, collecting, and sharing generously his knowledge of the Earps and Tombstone with anyone who expressed a genuine interest.

In addition to the three memoirs under discussion, there is his wonderful *Suppressed Murder of Wyatt Earp*. This is the best analysis of myth building I have ever read. I highly recommend it to anyone who can find a copy. In addition there are his twenty some periodical articles. Without Mr. Boyer's work our knowledge of the Earp brothers would be poorer indeed.

Any of us interested in the Earp brothers owes Mr. Boyer a debt of gratitude for his work. I too cast my vote with Pappy Cason, and with Glenn G. Boyer.—*Gail K. Allan, Flushing, New York.*

Editor's Note: Me, too. A vote for Pappy *is* a vote for Glenn.

Aiming at the Top Gun

I dislike becoming involved in these pitiful little conspiracies among Earp history buffs. They are usually prompted by persons who have done little or nothing and have little standing anywhere.

However, in this case, I am inclined to defend Glenn G. Boyer because I know that the facts are not all true in Jack Burrows' letter to the editor.

Boyer is a much different man than most try to picture him. I have known him for twenty-six years. We do not totally agree on everything—but we have remained friends. He has never refused me any information or any photograph that I requested.

Some years ago, when he discovered photos of Morgan and Louisa Earp, he allowed me to publish them for the first time. Later, he made sure that I met Louisa's family members who had the photos.

Many times I have looked through Glenn's files, and he has given me portions of them to take home with me. Why does he allow me this access? Because he knows that I am trustworthy and he has learned the hard way that many are not. I have used a great deal of his information, but I also clearly identify it and credit him for it.

Burrows' statement that Boyer had allowed no one to see his Earp manuscripts is clearly without basis. I saw the Wyatt Earp manuscript long before it was ever published. In fact, I went through it in detail before it ever went to the printer.

The Josephine Earp manuscript is lying on my desk as I write. Glenn gave it to me a few months ago, saying, "Ben, you'd better take all this and go through it so you'll know the story."

I spent many hours going through the notes and journals relating to Boyer's nonfiction novel, *Wyatt Earp's Tombstone Vendetta*, before he even wrote his rough draft.

He does have a massive amount of information and items relating to the Earps, and I have gone through much of it. I have also witnessed at least two other historians doing the same.

Glenn G. Boyer is the top gun in the territory and the others are trying to knock him off to gain a bit of notoriety of their own. If they would concentrate on their own pursuits, they would perhaps achieve much more than they do in berating

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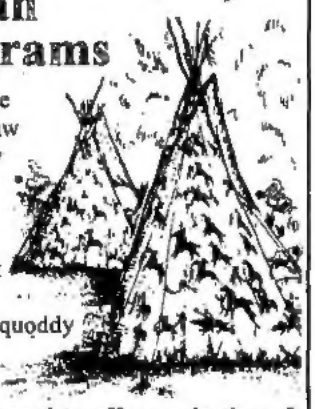

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Regarding such as Jack Burrows' letter in *True West*, and other windy blasts, I've been asked, "How can you remain unruffled by such attacks?"

Wal, podner, I set out to make those guys froth at the mouth. Why? How does *just for the hell of it* grab you? They've been rustling my research for years and venting the brand. I finally wrote a completely unannotated book—*Wyatt Earp's Tombstone Vendetta*—that contradicted the stuff they'd stolen, as well as a lot of my own past work. It's known as updating, or maybe bull-baiting, depending on the bull. So why get ruffled at success?

At Deadwood, South Dakota, last July, I talked to the WOLA convention and blew several of my detractors out of the water. My video coverage of the WOLA affair, where I blasted everything but motherhood and dogs, will be available to the public if I can get the sound—which is poor—enhanced. In addition, I'll have a book on the same subject out within a year; it will be titled *The Earp Curse.* Both tell where sticks and stones were flung with names, dates, motivation, etc. Sticks and stones don't bother me for figs. I've been conditioned too well.—*Glenn G. Boyer, Rodeo, New Mexico.*

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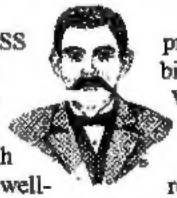

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SAN LUIS OBISPO: THE DALLIDET ADOBE AND GARDENS

By KATY BUDGE

Pierre Hypolite Dallidet, a native of France, journeyed to California in the 1850s and made a fortune, not in gold or cattle, but in another, sometimes forgotten, aspect of California history—wine making. Today visitors can see Dallidet's adobe home and its surrounding gardens, meticulously preserved amid the business district of San Luis Obispo.

The twenty-three-year-old Dallidet left France in December 1846, bound for military duty in Tahiti, where he arrived in March 1847. By 1851, he had been discharged and joined the thousands of others in the California Gold Rush. No one knows how successful Dallidet was, but presumably he panned enough gold to purchase land that was perhaps unaffordable on a soldier's salary.

Photo by Katy Budge

The Dallidet Adobe in San Luis Obispo, California, and the lush gardens surrounding it.

Dallidet headed for Mexico in 1853, possibly to search for gold or join French filibusters near Hermosillo. Dallidet got no farther than San Luis Obispo. There he met Don Gabriel Salazar, a New Mexico native who had become a prominent San Luis Obispo citizen. Dallidet became fast friends with Salazar and his entire family, especially daughter Ascension.

With her family's blessings, Dallidet and Ascension were married in 1855. By the late 1850s they had begun construction on a small three-room adobe on land Dallidet had purchased in San Luis Obispo. As Dallidet's family grew, eventually to seven adult children (two died in infancy), they added a dining area and two bedrooms.

Dallidet's land holdings also grew. Using both his own money and money he inherited from Ascension's family, he bought land in what is now downtown San Luis Obispo. One of his acquisitions included the vineyards of the Mission San Luis Obispo de Tolosa. By 1871 he had started the first licensed distillery in the region, producing wine and brandy with grapes from the established mission vines and vines he had planted.

Dallidet, who may have gained some wine-making experience in France, became one of the first wine makers to blend the somewhat harsh product of the mission grapes with other varieties to achieve a more mellow wine. That earned him recognition in California's wine making circles, but Dallidet's profits ultimately came from brandy, which offered greater returns for the same capital outlay.

Dallidet's success gave him a chance to help save an institution in France. In the 1870s, root lice—known as phylloxera—were decimating French vineyards, while American root stock remained resistant to them. The French government contacted Dallidet and other wine makers of French heritage, asking them to graft cuttings of French vines onto their root stocks. That way, growers could preserve classic French vines while the vineyards in France were dug up and replanted.

Dallidet also had business interests in mining and fruit growing, and he exercised caution in most of his business deals. His son, however, did not. Pierre H. Dallidet, Jr., engaged heavily in California land speculation in the 1880s, and his father indulged him by loaning him money and deeding off parcels of the family land. The financial crisis of 1893 ended the California land

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boom, and the family's once-thriving fortunes suffered.

In 1897, fate dealt the family another blow when another Dallidet son, John, fatally shot Pierre, Jr., on the adobe grounds. The exact details of the shooting never surfaced. John went to trial, but the doctor who attended to the dying Dallidet testified that Pierre, Jr., said he would have committed suicide anyway and wanted no harm to come to his brother. John was eventually acquitted, but his legal defense further drained his father's accounts.

Pierre Hypolite Dallidet, Sr., died in San Luis Obispo in 1909. He survived Ascension (who died in 1873 just days after the birth of her last child) and many of his children.

Thanks to Paul Dallidet, the second-youngest child, the Dallidet Adobe exists as a reminder of San Luis Obispo's early days. In 1953 Paul deeded family property to the fledgling San Luis Obispo County Historical Society with the provision he be allowed to live there until his death, which came in 1957.

The historical society still owns and maintains the Dallidet Adobe, designated as a state landmark in 1960. Between Memorial Day and

Renovated Fort Vasquez Reopens in Colorado

Colorado citizens and history buffs recently pitched in to give Fort Vasquez, a remnant of Colorado's fur-trapping era, a remodeled museum store, improved visitor's center, and new facilities for handicapped visitors. The fort, one mile south of Platteville on US Highway 85, is part of the Colorado Historical Society's system of museums and historical sites.

Fort Vasquez is on the original site of the fur-trading post, which Louis Vasquez and Andrew Sublette, mountain men and fur traders in the South Platte River valley, built about 1835. When the adobe fort was abandoned, it slowly weathered into the ground.

During the 1930s, teams from the federal Works Progress Administration reconstructed the fort on what was thought to be the original site. In the mid-1960s, archaeologists confirmed the site and revealed the original extent and shape of the fort. At that time, the Colorado Historical Society built a visitor's center housing exhibits about the fort and its place in fur-trade history.

A community effort led to renovations at the fort. A Fort Vasquez Museum advisory group joined the historical society in outlining needs to make the site a year-round museum and tourist information center. The Weld County Division of Human Resources assigned a summer youth team to stabilize and replaster the adobe walls of the fort; the Colorado Department of Transportation put up new highway signs directing visitors to the site; and other local people collected travel information, brochures, and maps for the tourist information center.

A new roof and a new climate control system were installed at the site in the past two years, protecting the fort and creating a more stable environment for museum collections in the building. The historical society also received funds to build wheelchair ramps and renovate doors and restrooms for handicapped access.

Fort Vasquez is open Thursday through Saturday, from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. until May 27, when a daily schedule resumes. The site is free to the public. For more information contact the Colorado Historical Society, 1300 Broadway, Denver, Colorado 80203-2137, or call the museum, (303) 785-2832.

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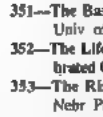
Labor Day, the adobe and grounds are open to the public free of charge from 1:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Tours offer a look at the family home, which is furnished with original Dallidet belongings, including books, furniture, and paintings.

A few of Pierre's fruit trees and vineyards still grow on the grounds of the Dallidet Adobe, but the site's gardens largely reflect other botanical interests, especially those of eldest daughter Maria. As does the adobe, the gardens exist much as they did when the Dallidets lived there. Many older trees and shrubs have survived, including two redwoods, at least a century old, that were planted as seedlings. A variety of local plant and gardening groups help the historical society in the maintenance of the gardens.

The historical society also sponsors two annual events at the Dallidet Adobe—a Victorian Christmas celebration and a midsummer Heritage Day celebrating crafts and craftspeople of the nineteenth century including adobe brick making, weaving, quilting, and blacksmithing. The adobe grounds may be rented for special events.

Visitors to the Dallidet Adobe can also see the Ramona Depot, a boxcar, circa 1900, from the Pacific Coast Railroad, and the contents of a carriage shed that houses a number of antique vehicles from early San Luis Obispo. The depot served as a private railroad station for patrons of the posh Ramona Hotel until it burned in 1905.

For more information about the Dallidet Adobe and gardens, contact the San Luis Obispo County Historical Society Museum, 696 Monterey Street, PO Box 1391, San Luis Obispo, California 93401. The phone number is (805) 543-0638.



Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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Western Logbook

By Bill O'Neal

125 Years Ago

May 15, 1870; Little Blue River, Nebraska. Company C of the Second Cavalry fought against Indians at the Little Blue River in Nebraska. Because of their actions, Sergeant Patrick Leonard and Privates Heth Canfield, Michael Himmelsback, Thomas Hubbard, and George W. Thompson were recommended for the Medal of Honor.

May 20, 1870; Kickapoo Springs, Texas. Sergeant Emanuel Stance, a "buffalo soldier" in Company F of the Ninth Cavalry, led a patrol out of Fort McKavett, Texas. Ten miles from the post he saw a band of Comanches driving a horse herd. Stance commanded a charge which routed the Indians, and the patrol took nine recaptured horses into camp at Kickapoo Springs.

The next morning the patrol headed for McKavett with the horses, but spotted a war party readying an attack upon approaching wagons. Stance scattered the warriors with a charge and seized five more horses. The Comanches, however, quickly counterattacked the soldiers in the rear. Stance coolly directed his men in volley fire which repulsed the Indians. The engagement was Stance's fifth successful encounter against Indians in two years, and the efficient sergeant received the Medal of Honor.

May 24, 1870; Sierra Colorados, Arizona. During a three-week sweep which left Fort McDowell on May 10, Captain George Bliss Sanford and Company E of the First Cavalry collided with Apaches on the morning of May 24. Sanford discovered several large rancherias clustered around a stream the Apaches called Chivico. Sanford's command slammed into the rancherias, routing the startled Indians.

When the shooting ended, twenty-two Apaches were dead and twelve were captured. The soldiers had also seized six horses and mules and destroyed large quantities of miscellaneous supplies, along with adjacent corn and wheat fields.

100 Years Ago

May 2, 1895; Dunn Ranch on the Cimarron River, Oklahoma Territory. Outlaws George "Bitter Creek" Newcomb and Charley

Author's Photo

Charley Pierce (circled, left) and Bitter Creek Newcomb (right) were among many outlaws captured or killed in Oklahoma Territory.

Pierce, veterans of both the Dalton and Doolin gangs, were on the run from lawmen and bounty hunters; Newcomb alone would bring $5,000 in rewards. Early in May the fugitives headed to a road ranch near Ingalls, Oklahoma, which brothers Bill, John, Calvin, Dal, and George Dunn operated. The Dunn ranch was a presumed safe haven, and Bitter Creek wanted to see teenaged Rosa Dunn, to whom writers later gave renown as "the Rose of Cimarron."

But from time to time the Dunns helped lawmen track down outlaws, and the temptation of large rewards proved overwhelming. Newcomb and Pierce rode onto the Dunn ranch after dark and went into the barn to stable their horses. Bill and at least one brother picked up shotguns, and when the outlaws emerged from the barn they shot them down. When Pierce groaned, one of the brothers blasted him again.

The next morning the Dunns threw the bodies into a wagon for transport to the territorial capital at Guthrie so the brothers could collect their rewards. But Newcomb had lived through the night, and he began to beg for water. He received another bullet instead, and the wagon continued toward Guthrie. Pierce was buried in a pauper's grave in Guthrie's Summit View Cemetery. Newcomb's parents took his body for burial on their farm west of Norman, Oklahoma.

May 8, 1895; Salt Lake City, Utah. Utah Territory unsuccessfully had attempted to achieve statehood in 1856, 1862, 1872, 1882, and 1887. At last, in 1895, the territory wrote a state constitution that prohibited polygamy and control of state government by any church. The United States Congress approved the constitution, and Utah became the forty-fifth state on January 4, 1896.

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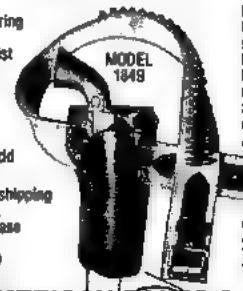

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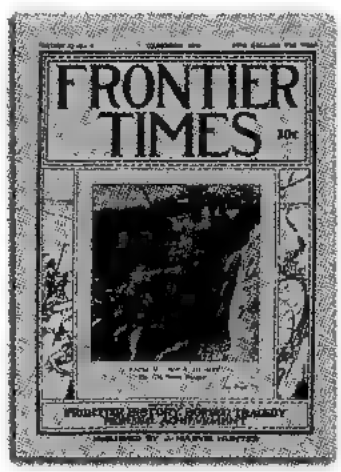

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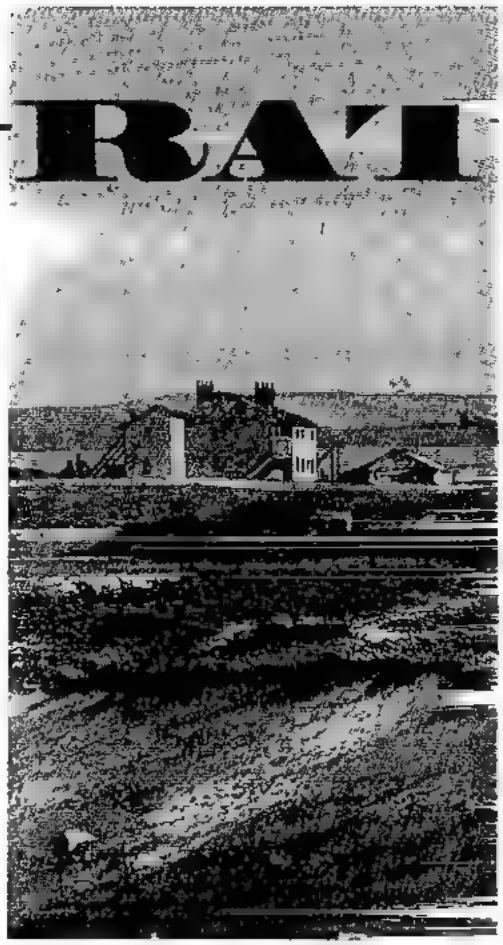
THE GRAT



By JOSEPH AGONITO

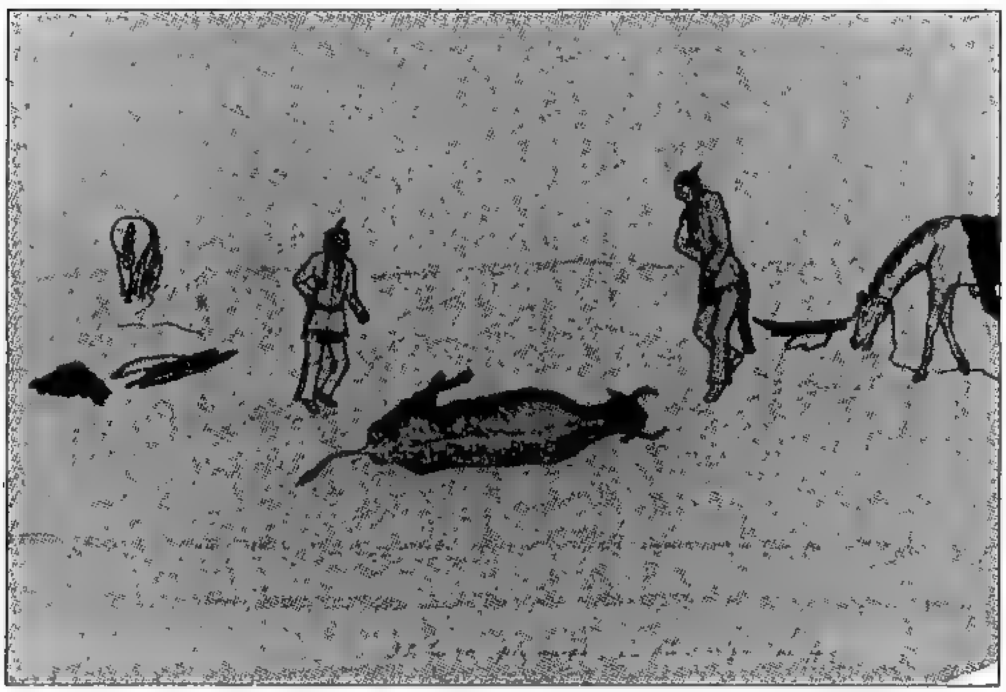
About 3:00 P.M., August 19, 1854, Brevet Second Lieutenant John L. Grattan led a detachment of twenty-nine soldiers and one interpreter out of Fort Laramie, in what would become Wyoming Territory. Grattan headed for the Brulé Lakota camp of Conquering Bear, eight miles southeast of the fort, where he planned to arrest an Indian for killing a Mormon emigrant's cow. Before the day was over, Lakota warriors had killed Grattan and all but one soldier of his command, touching off a generation-long conflict between the Lakotas and the United States Army.

The Lakotas—who included the Brulés, Oglalas, and Miniconjous—had come to Fort Laramie to collect annuities promised under the 1851 Treaty of Fort Laramie. In return for those annuities, they had pledged to respect the lives and property of emigrants crossing the Overland (or Oregon) Trail.

In three separate villages stretching a few miles along the south bank of the North Platte River and paralleling the Overland Trail, the Indians had 600 lodges and more than 1,000 warriors. The Lakotas had been camped there since late July, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Indian agent Major J.W. Whitfield to distribute the goods stored in a warehouse at the post of P.C. Chouteau, Jr. and Company some five miles below Fort Laramie. The hungry Lakotas were eager to receive their goods and begin their fall hunt.

On August 18, 1854, a band of hot and tired Mormons on their way to Salt Lake City trudged along the Overland Trail. Fort Laramie, which was to protect the emigrants along the trail from Indian depredations, was about eight miles to the west.

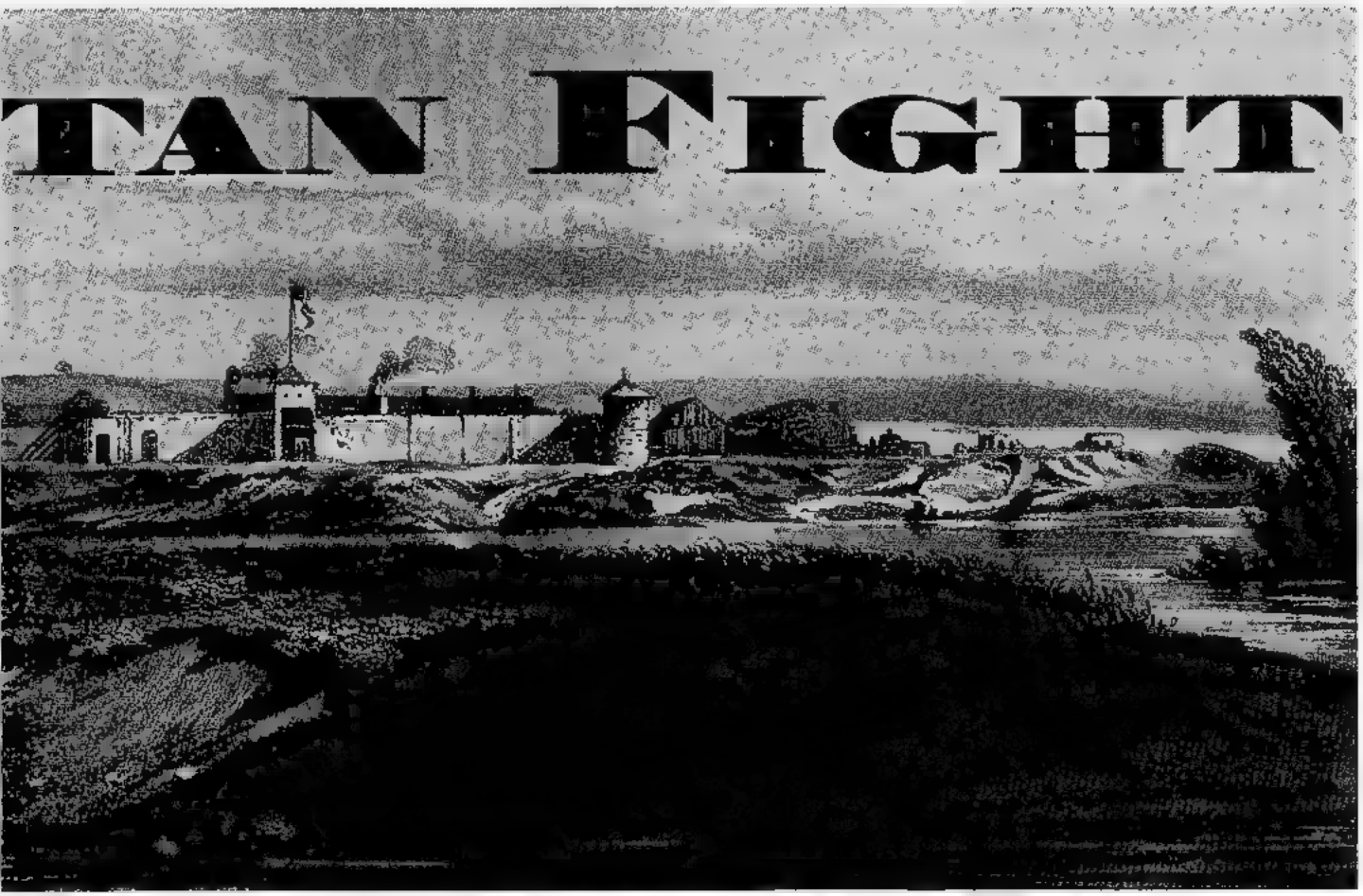
As the Mormons inched forward along the dusty road, a tired and lame cow lagged behind the wagon train. According to the earliest account of the incident, an emigrant tried to push the cow along, but the poor creature broke away and wandered into the nearby Brulé camp. The cow's owner approached the Indian camp, but fearing for his safety he hung back, apparently long enough to see an Indian kill the stray animal. The Indian was High Forehead, a Miniconjou visiting relatives in the Brulé camp. The Mormon hastily rejoined the wagon train, and at Fort Laramie he complained to the commander about his loss.



Courtesy of the Arthur H. Clark Company

This drawing by Black Horse, an Oglala whose grandfather fought in the Grattan Fight, depicts High Forehead killing the Mormon emigrant's cow. Black Horse made the drawing sometime in the 1920s.

TAN FIGHT



Library of Congress

An engraving of Fort Laramie in 1853, a year before the Grattan Fight.

Word spread throughout the Brulé camp that High Forehead had killed a white man's cow. Conquering Bear, the Brulé chief, feared trouble. He understood that under the Treaty of Fort Laramie it was his obligation as chief to make restitution for lost emigrant property, and failure to do so could result in the loss of annuities. Worse still, the soldiers could try to arrest High Forehead, precipitating an armed confrontation.

Conquering Bear hurried to the fort to confer with its young acting commander, Lieutenant Hugh B. Fleming. The twenty-eight-year-old Fleming had graduated from West Point two years earlier. Conquering Bear knew Fleming and had reason to be concerned about the cow incident. A year earlier a Miniconjou warrior, in a moment of anger, shot at an army sergeant. No one was hurt, but Lieutenant R.B. Garnett, then post commander, sent Fleming to capture the hostile warrior and, failing that, to take some prisoners. Fleming, with a small detachment, entered the Miniconjou camp, exchanging fire with some excited warriors, killing three and taking two prisoners. Fleming marched his captives triumphantly back to the fort. The Lakota chiefs, desiring peace with the whites, forgave the incident.

Conquering Bear wanted to avoid such trouble, and he found Fleming in a reasonable mood. Eager to make restitution to the Mormon for the loss of his cow, Conquering Bear offered the man the best horse in his corral, a generous overture as a horse was worth far more than a lame cow. Apparently Fleming had decided to take no action and wait for agent Whitfield to arrive and settle the matter, which, according to the treaty, was the proper procedure.

The next morning Fleming changed his mind. Brevet Second Lieutenant John Grattan persuaded Fleming to give him command of a force to bring in High Forehead and show that the army would tolerate no offense against the emigrants. Fleming authorized the expedition, instructing Grattan to bring in the cow killer, if possible without taking unnecessary risk.

Grattan had graduated from West Point in 1853. He was twenty-four years old, inexperienced, arrogant, and eager for a fight—a deadly combination. William Vaux, the chaplain at Fort Laramie, said Grattan "had an unwarrantable contempt of Indian character." Grattan had boasted more than once that with thirty men he could whip all the Indians of the prairie. He now had a chance to prove it.

Fort Laramie bustled with excitement that morning. Grattan called for volunteers for dangerous service. He accepted for the expedition Sergeant William Faver, Corporal Charles McNulty, twenty-seven privates, and post interpreter Lucien Auguste. Grattan took along two

twelve-pounder howitzers, plus a wagon for the infantrymen. The ordnance sergeant, an old and faithful soldier, declined Grattan's personal invitation to join the expedition, believing the lieutenant was rash and the expedition would encounter difficulty.

Man Afraid of His Horse, the wise and judicious chief of the Oglalas, was at the fort that morning. He witnessed with concern the army's preparation for action. Conquering Bear had sent Man Afraid of His Horse to the fort to help settle the dispute, but the Oglala chief was too late to do any good.

Interpreter Auguste (whom the Lakotas called Wyuse) hung back. He told Man Afraid of His Horse he was afraid the Lakotas would kill him for working with the soldiers. Though he had married a Lakota woman, Auguste did not like the Lakotas, and they distrusted him. Grattan broke up the conversation by poking Auguste with his sword, urging the interpreter to get ready. Auguste said to Man Afraid of His Horse, "I am ready but must have something to drink before I die." Someone gave the interpreter a bottle of whiskey and he drank deeply.

Man Afraid of His Horse tried to leave, but Fleming prevented him. He did not want the chief to warn the Lakotas that the army was coming and give High Forehead time to escape. Fleming insisted that Man Afraid of His Horse accompany the expedition. Man Afraid of His Horse then tried to warn Grattan not to go on this dangerous mission because of the many Lakotas in the camps. The lieutenant shrugged off the warning.

Man Afraid of His Horse and a civilian emigrant guide, Obridge Allen, accompanied the expedition. Both would leave detailed accounts of what happened that day. Along the road Auguste continued to drink, and the soldiers in the wagon passed around a bottle of whiskey. Grattan did not touch a drop.

The expedition reached Chouteau's trading post about 5:00 P.M. and stopped for a break. Auguste was so drunk that he raced his horse wildly, brandished his revolver, and threatened the Lakotas visiting the post. Auguste found another bottle of whiskey, but Grattan wisely took it away and broke the bottle.

The soldiers were nervous. One of them complained to Chouteau employee Frank Salaway about his comrades. "They are drunk," he said, "and we will all get killed; that it is a piece of foolishness anyhow."

When the soldiers left, Salaway and other Chouteau employees followed them for a few miles. The traders posted themselves on a hill about one-half mile from Conquering Bear's camp where, through field glasses, they watched the soldiers and the Indians.

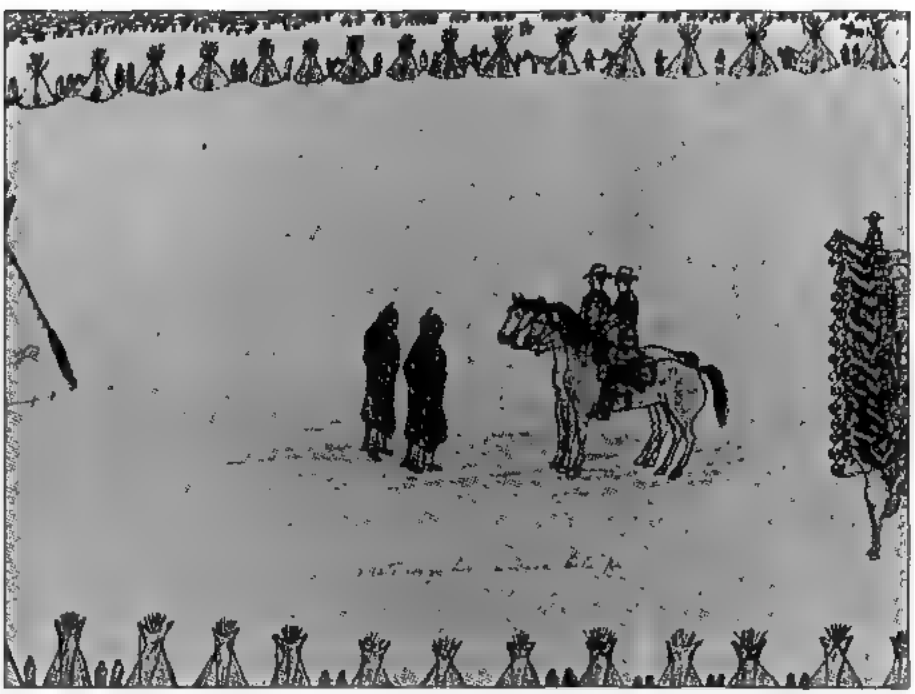
As the soldiers moved east along the road, they approached the Oglala camp. Auguste, emboldened by whiskey, shouted to the Oglalas, that the soldiers had killed three Miniconjous last summer and that "all the Sioux were women." Concerned that the Oglalas would become involved in the conflict, Grattan sent someone, perhaps Man Afraid of His Horse, to tell them to remain in their camps.

THE OGLALAS received the message and responded by driving in their pony herds, an ominous sign that they were preparing for action. Obridge Allen warned Grattan about the Oglala maneuver, but the lieutenant ignored the information.

As Grattan approached the Brulé camp, he paused once more to explain to his men the nature of the mission. Rather dramatically, Grattan told them that the cow-killer must be taken at all costs, even if he himself died in the effort. Grattan told the soldiers that he did not believe a gun would be fired, but he "hoped to God they would have a fight." And he added emphatically, "When I give the order, you may fire as much as you d——d pleased."

The command moved on to the trading post of James Bordeaux, about 300 yards from the heart of Conquering Bear's camp. Bordeaux was a long-time frontiersman who understood Lakota ways. He was married to the sister of Swift Bear, a Brulé warrior, whose family was camped near the trading post.

Grattan told Bordeaux the reason for his mission and asked the trader to send for Conquering Bear. The chief arrived within a few minutes. In the midst of their conversation, the drunken Auguste continued his



Courtesy of the Arthur H. Clark Company

Lieutenant John L. Grattan and interpreter Lucien Auguste confront Conquering Bear. Black Horse incorrectly depicted the soldiers as cavalry rather than infantry.

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dangerous antics, racing his horse like the Indians before a fight, waving his pistols, and shouting threats and insults at the Lakotas. Bordeaux sensed the danger and warned Grattan that Auguste would cause trouble. The lieutenant told Auguste to stop, but the interpreter ignored his command.

GRATTAN TOLD Conquering Bear that he had come to get the Indian who killed the cow. "I want to take him to the Fort," Grattan assured Conquering Bear, "and keep him until your Father the agent comes, and then will send him back to you."

Conquering Bear tried to explain to Grattan that High Forehead was a Miniconjou, a guest in his village, and that he had no authority to turn him over to the lieutenant. Besides, trouble would result if the officer insisted, as High Forehead had made it clear that he would die before he allowed anyone to arrest him.

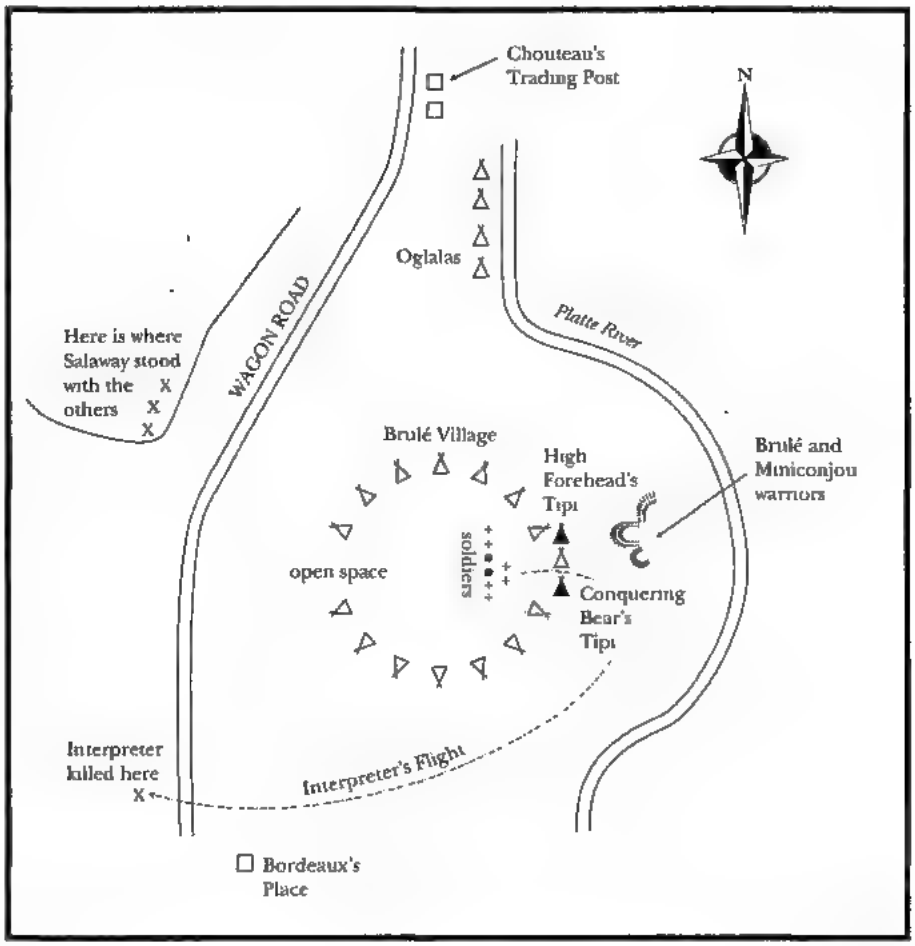
Grattan became impatient and told Conquering Bear, "I have come down here for that man, and I'll have him or die." Frustrated with Grattan, Conquering Bear told the lieutenant "to go down to the lodge and see the man himself."

Grattan accepted the challenge. He told his men that he was going into the village to arrest the cow-killer, and that in case of trouble they should fire on everyone who was not white. Such talk alarmed Bordeaux. He warned Grattan that "he was going into a very bad place and that he had better prepare himself well."

According to Bordeaux, Grattan replied that "he had two revolvers with twelve shots."

Bordeaux urged the lieutenant to "take them out of his holsters and be ready."

Grattan moved his command towards the Brulé village, accompanied by Man Afraid of His Horse, Little Thunder, Big Partisan, and Conquering Bear, who rode double behind Auguste. Obridge Allen, along with Bordeaux, remained behind, to observe events with field glasses atop a trader's roof.



Author's map

A map of the scene of the Grattan Fight, adapted from a sketch by eyewitness Frank Salaway and recorded in 1906 by Judge Eli S. Ricker, an early historian of the Lakotas.

The semi-circular Brulé camp was on a flat plane, halfway between the Overland Trail and the North Platte River. An abrupt break in the ground between the camp and the river was overgrown with bushes, and a dry riverbed ran through the camp. Conquering Bear's lodge stood on the bank of the riverbed, a small space separating it from the lodge of High Forehead.

Grattan positioned his command within sixty yards of those lodges. He pointed the two howitzers, loaded with grapeshot and canister, at the lodges, and placed the soldiers in line on both sides of the cannon. Conquering Bear, Man Afraid of His Horse, and other Brulé chiefs and warriors, about fifty in all, gathered around the soldiers.

Prepared for action, Grattan paused to parley with the Brulé chiefs, hoping they might persuade High Forehead to surrender. Grattan sent Man Afraid of His Horse to the cow-killer's lodge, where he found High Forehead and five other Miniconjou warriors ready for battle—naked, their hair tied up, and armed with loaded guns and bows and arrows. They bitterly reminded Man Afraid of His Horse about the Fleming incident the year before.

Man Afraid of His Horse informed Grattan that the Miniconjous were prepared to die rather than surrender. The lieutenant then asked Conquering Bear to speak with the Miniconjous, but the chief returned to tell Grattan that "they would not give themselves up."

Conquering Bear pleaded with Grattan to accept a good mule in place of the cow, to go back to the fort and "cover up" the trouble until the agent arrived. Grattan rejected

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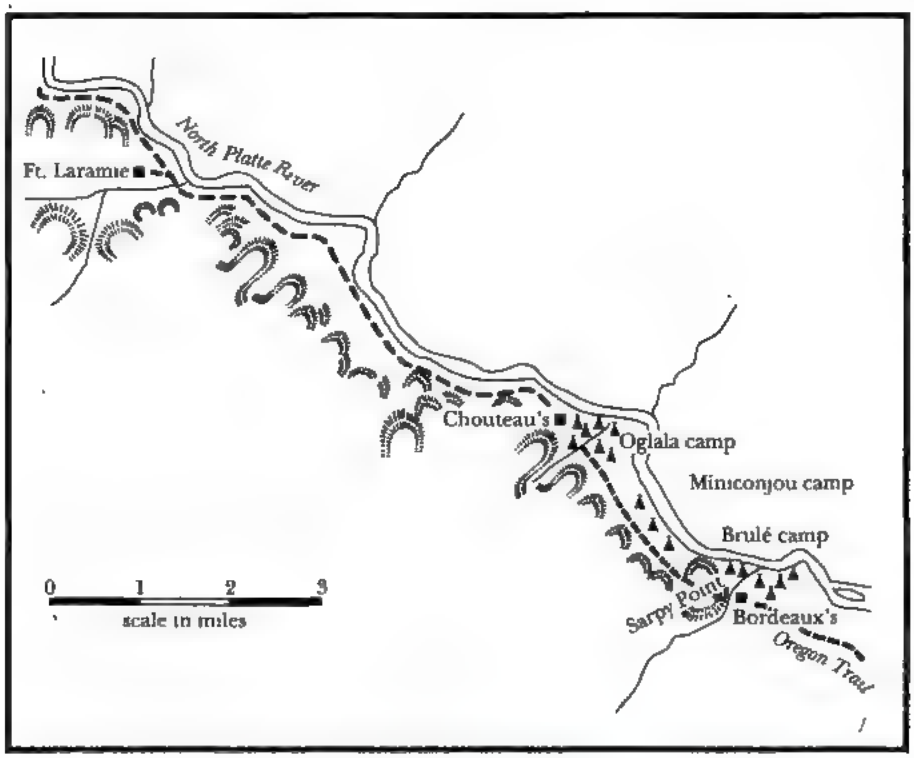
the offer, angering Conquering Bear who complained to the lieutenant that "it was a poor cow, and that today the soldiers had made him ashamed, that he was made chief by the whites and today you come to my village and plant your big guns."

As the parley continued, frightened Brulé women, fearing trouble, took their children and crossed the North Platte River. Hundreds of mounted Brulé warriors left the camp to hide in the brush-covered depression near the river, while other Brulé warriors crept along the dry riverbed which ran through camp. Red Cloud and Oglala warriors left their village in defiance of Grattan's order and approached the Brulé camp. Obridge Allen, from the rooftop at Bordeaux's spied all the movement. Grattan, closer to the scene, must have seen it also, but he took no counter measures.

Throughout the proceedings, the drunken Auguste continued his taunts and threats. The chiefs did not trust him. Even Grattan grew tired and suspicious of Auguste and finally told Man Afraid of His Horse to get Bordeaux to translate as "the interpreter talks so much I cannot understand him." Man Afraid of His Horse went to Bordeaux and told the trader to come quickly to the camp as he feared trouble.

By the time they neared the camp circle, the situation had deteriorated. The Miniconjous were standing outside their lodge with loaded guns. Conquering Bear was shouting at Grattan that he could not surrender High Forehead without losing the respect of his people. "For all I tell you, you will not hear me," Conquering Bear said with anger, "[but] today you will meet something that will be very hard."

Man Afraid of His Horse sensed danger and tried desperately to calm the parties. He took Conquering Bear to task for "talking very bad," and suggested that the chief take his Brulé warriors "to do something that will be good." Man Afraid of His Horse may have concluded that the only way to avoid bloodshed was for the Brulé warriors themselves to seize High Forehead. How Lucien Auguste understood it is another matter. The interpreter spoke to Grattan, who replied "How!" the word for "I understand and agree."



Author's map

Fort Laramie and the Grattan battlefield in 1854.

Inexplicably, one of the soldiers then stepped out of the line and fired. The shot sounded throughout the camp and one Indian fell to the ground.

Bordeaux feared the worst. As he quickly headed back to the safety of his trading post, he overheard one of the chiefs, probably Conquering Bear, cry out to the young warriors "not to fire, that they had killed one man and might be satisfied." Some of the Indians who had gathered around the soldiers backed away, but the Miniconjous held their ground.

Grattan rode among his men, then dismounted to join them. The interpreter, suddenly sobered by the shooting and the danger all around him, pleaded with Man Afraid of His Horse to stop the Sioux from attacking. Man Afraid of His Horse said he would try, but it was too late. The time for talking was over.

CONQUERING BEAR walked away, looking back over his shoulders at the soldiers. At Grattan's command, the soldiers raised their guns, but the Miniconjou warriors fired first. Grattan pointed at Conquering Bear and the soldiers fired a volley at the retreating chief. One shot shattered his arm, a second crushed his knee, and a third tore into his stomach; Conquering Bear went down, mortally wounded.

Grattan ordered the gunners to fire the howitzers, but the cannon were aimed high and the shots flew harmlessly through the tops of the Miniconjou lodges. The Brulé warriors who had gathered around the soldiers fired their arrows, striking Grattan and some of his gunners with deadly force. Grattan and two soldiers fell dead near the cannon. With Spotted Tail leading them, the Brulé and Miniconjou warriors hiding in the brush-covered depression near the river rushed the soldiers. Other warriors poured out from the dry riverbed. Overwhelmed, the remaining soldiers fled for their lives.

Auguste, and one soldier riding Grattan's horse, dashed through the far end of the village but swerved

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sharply to the right to avoid the Brulé and Miniconjou warriors emerging from their hiding place. The two men sped towards Bordeaux's and then to the emigrant road where some warriors intercepted and killed them. The hated interpreter was riddled with arrows.

SOME SOLDIERS rode a gun carriage through the village, heading for the emigrant road back to Fort Laramie. A few soldiers lifted three of their wounded comrades onto the transport wagon and drove out of the village. One other wounded soldier tried desperately to hang onto the tailgate, but arrows struck him and he fell off. Eighteen remaining soldiers ran after the wagon to escape as best they could.

Hundreds of mounted Brulé and Miniconjou warriors relentlessly pursued them. The warriors easily overtook the soldiers on the gun carriage, killing them all. The soldiers on the wagon reached the bluffs beyond Bordeaux's, about one-half mile from the village, but warriors caught and killed them as well.

The infantrymen put up a spirited resistance. Reloading as they went, they rallied in a shallow depression near Bordeaux's and held off the charging Indians. One of the wounded soldiers, Private John Cuddy, hid safely in some nearby rose bushes. Under continuous harassment, the retreating soldiers fought their way to a bluff where they hoped to make a stand, but charging Oglalas outflanked them. Surrounded and overwhelmed, the soldiers died fighting.

The Lakota warriors, caught up in the heat of battle and victory, mutilated the soldiers' bodies, crushing heads, cutting throats, and dismembering limbs. Grattan's body was so riddled and disfigured by arrows that later he could only be identified by his watch.

Some of the young, angry warriors then charged Bordeaux's trading post, one of them exclaiming, "Let us wipe out the whites here." However, friendly Indians, including some of Bordeaux's Brulé in-laws, prevented the warriors from harming the traders.

The warriors then turned their anger to the few soldiers left at Fort Laramie. "Now [that] we have wiped out these soldiers," one of them proclaimed, "let us go to the fort, and wipe them out there; the houses are of pine, and we can easily burn them." An alarmed Bordeaux urged the friendly Brulé chief Little Thunder to stop the warriors from attacking the fort. He assured the chief that "if they didn't do any more harm, and didn't disturb anybody on the river...their grand father [the President] would forgive them for what they had done." Little Thunder and other friendly chiefs did their best to quiet the hostile warriors and, as night fell, the hostiles gave up their plan to attack the fort.

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Throughout the night, Indians went to Bordeaux's, demanding provisions. Bordeaux said they told him "they had been waiting on the agent two months, [and] their children were starving." Fearing retaliation if he refused, Bordeaux wisely emptied his shelves of precious supplies—tobacco, sugar, coffee, hardtack, raisins, bacon, beans, blue cloth, blankets, powder, and balls. The Indians also took some of his cows and horses.

About midnight Bordeaux's brother-in-law, Swift Bear, brought the wounded Private John Cuddy to the trading post. One of the friendly chiefs told Bordeaux that it would be dangerous to hide him at the post, so Bordeaux arranged for a small party to escort Cuddy to the fort. They accompanied Cuddy for about a mile and then the private said he would go on alone. About 1:00 A.M., Bordeaux sent a rider to Fort Laramie to inform Lieutenant Fleming of the day's tragedy and to warn him of the danger to the fort.

Throughout the day of the battle many Lakota families took down their tepees, packed their belongings, and moved across the North Platte River to safety. By early morning on Sunday, August 20, the Lakotas had completely moved their villages. One of the last lodges moved was Conquering Bear's. Brulé warriors carried Conquering Bear in a buffalo-hide sling to their new camp on the Niobrara River, where he died from his many wounds a week later.

With their families safely across the river, some 500 warriors returned to look over the battlefield and count the dead soldiers. They demanded still more goods from Bordeaux and then moved on to Chouteau's trading post to forcibly take their annuity goods, which they knew the agent would never give them after the incident. They would return again the following morning to plunder the goods belonging to the Chouteau trading post, despite a plea from Red Leaf that his dying brother, Conquering Bear, had sent word he did not want his warriors to harm the life or property of the white traders at Chouteau's.

After the warriors left Bordeaux's, Private Cuddy, who had been unable to reach the fort, suddenly reappeared. Bordeaux hid him that day, and early the next morning sent him in a buggy to Fort Laramie. When the buggy broke down, Obridge Allen carried him the rest of the way on the back of his horse. Sadly, Private Cuddy died from his untreated wounds that very day.

Bordeaux received word from Lieutenant Fleming on Monday morning. The post commander told Bordeaux that he could not safely

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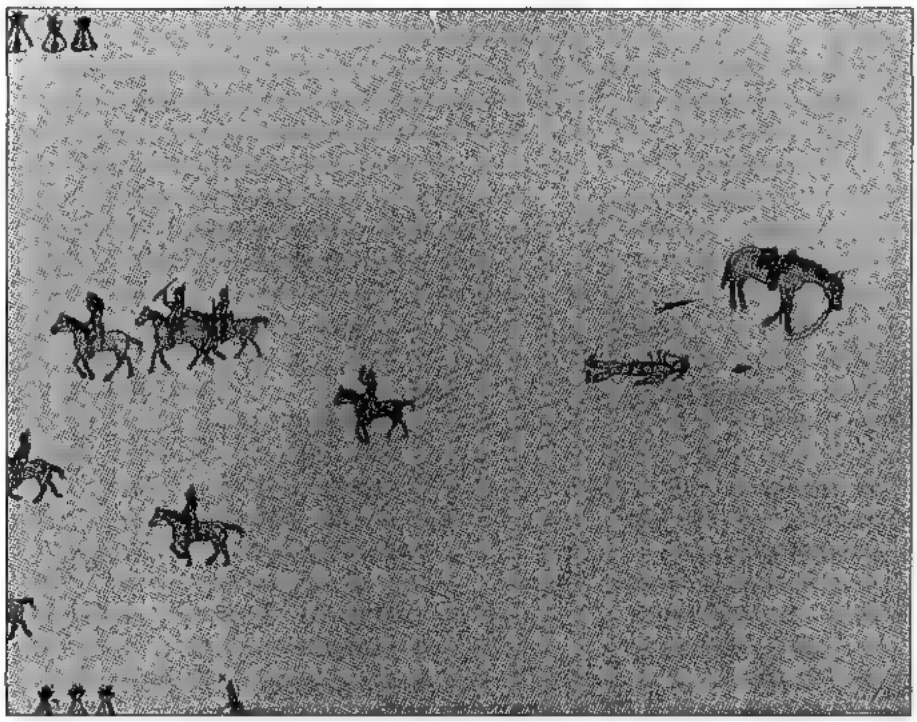
leave the fort, and he requested the trader to bury the dead. Bordeaux sent Grattan's body to Fort Laramie. The enlisted men were hastily buried on the battlefield in so shallow a grave that a month later Mormon emigrants passing the site saw skulls protruding from the ground.

Contemporaries were divided in their opinion about the causes of the Grattan fight. James Bordeaux thought it foolish for the officers to reject Conquering Bear's offer to pay for the Mormon's cow. Man Afraid of His Horse wondered at the folly of a young officer leading thirty men into an armed Lakota encampment of over a thousand warriors to arrest an Indian for killing a lame cow. Major William Hoffman, who replaced Lieutenant Fleming as commander of Fort Laramie, determined that "Lieutenant Grattan left this post with a desire to have a fight with the Indians." Representative Thomas Hart Benton, who denounced Grattan in Congress for shattering the peace between the United States and the Lakotas, said that it was "a heavy penalty for a nation to pay for a lame runaway Mormon cow, and for the folly and juvenile ambition of a West Point fledgling."



Courtesy of the Arthur H. Clark Company

Black Horse's depiction of the killing of interpreter Auguste.

Grattan's supporters refused to accept this negative portrait of a fallen army officer. Lieutenant Fleming, defending his decision to send Grattan to arrest High Forehead, later exaggerated the incident by claiming that the Mormon emigrant "barely escaped with his life," and suggested that Grattan's command was massacred as a result of Indian treachery. Contrary to eyewitness testimony, Lieutenant Colonel E.J. Steptoe wrote Secretary of War Jefferson Davis on September 29, 1854, that "Grattan did not take the initiative and...the attack upon the troops was part of a deliberate plan" by the Indians. Major O.F. Winship, who visited Fort Laramie in September 1854, asserted that as the "gallant" Lieutenant Grattan and his men were killed in the line of duty, the "time has now fully arrived for teaching the barbarians a lesson."

As early as October 1854, United States Army commanding general Winfield Scott had already decided to punish the Lakotas for the Grattan "massacre." Secretary of War Davis supported the plan and urged President Franklin Pierce and Congress to increase the size of the regular army for a military expedition against the Lakotas. Scott offered command of the force to General William C. Harney, a pugnacious Indian fighter.

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In early summer 1855, Harney took the field with some 700 men, and on September 3, 1855, Harney attacked Little Thunder's small Brulé village. Though Little Thunder had been friendly to the whites, some warriors in his village had participated in the Grattan fight. Harney's men killed eighty-six Brulé men, women, and children in the attack, captured seventy others, and destroyed the village.

The army's retaliation did not bring peace. Though temporarily subdued, the Lakotas could not forget Harney's brutal attack on Little Thunder's village. The Lakotas and the United States Army would engage in intermittent warfare until December 29, 1890, when soldiers killed Big Foot and some 150 ghost-dancing Miniconjous at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. The Indians and whites who lived through those destructive years may have thought it bitterly ironic that the deaths of so many began when a foolish young army officer tried to arrest a warrior for killing a lame, runaway cow.

Nathan Boone's EXPEDITION on the PRAIRIES

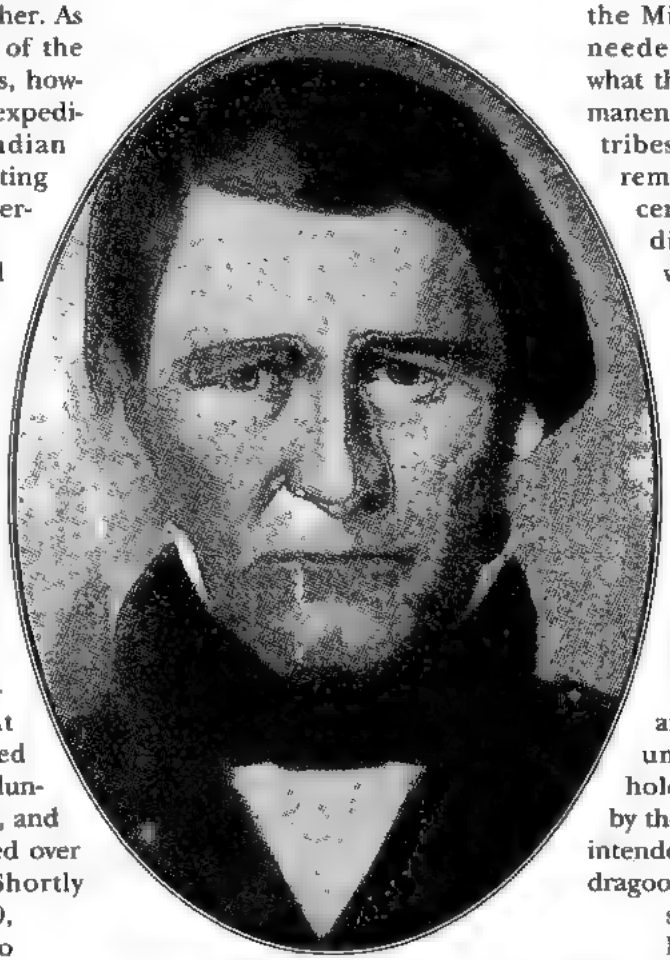
By Randy D. Smith

Nathan Boone, the youngest son of American explorer Daniel Boone, was a competent explorer himself but never achieved the fame of his illustrious father. As one of the earliest officers of the First United States Dragoons, however, he led a little-known expedition into the heart of Indian country in 1843, demonstrating his heritage of frontier leadership and skill.

Born in 1781, when Daniel was forty-seven, Nathan never knew his father as anything but an old man. However, the bond between them was great, and Nathan accompanied his father on many hunting and trapping trips, becoming wise to the ways of the wilderness.

Nathan married Olive Van Bibber in 1799, just as the Boone family was resettling to Missouri. President James Madison commissioned him a captain of Missouri volunteers during the War of 1812, and after the war, Nathan watched over Daniel in his final years. Shortly after Daniel's death in 1820, Nathan became a delegate to Missouri's constitutional convention.

In 1832 Congress authorized the First United States Dragoons for one year's service on the Western frontier, which then was roughly west of Missouri's western border. Dragoons were not cavalry. Unlike cavalrymen, trained to fight on horseback, heavily armed dragoons patrolled vast distances on horseback but fought on foot; that was more efficient for men using cumbersome flintlock weapons, and sabre charges against Indians were generally futile. The United States had no cavalry units at that time, as such forces were of little value in the dark forests east of the Mississippi. Still, the nation needed mounted men to patrol what then was considered the "permanent Indian frontier." The Indian tribes that the government had removed to the West needed a certain amount of policing, as did the semi-hostile border with Mexico.



Author's Collection

Nathan Boone, the youngest son of famed explorer Daniel Boone, who led an expedition of First Dragoons through Indian Territory in 1843.

Major Henry Dodge headed the First Dragoons, which consisted of six companies with 110 men each. Nathan Boone returned to the army, becoming one of the first captains in the force. He, Jesse Bean, and Lemuel Ford commanded companies assigned to Fort Gibson in the Indian Nations.

Why Boone joined the army at the age of fifty-one is unknown. He was a property holder and moderately well-off by the day's standards. Perhaps he intended to serve no more than the dragoons' original one-year term of service, or perhaps, being a Boone, he yearned more for the adventure of a military life than the life of a farmer or merchant. Also, an officer's commission paid a good salary; perhaps, after Nathan watched his father face near-poverty and debt after a series of failed land schemes, the security of a military position attracted him.

Regardless, Boone was a competent officer who stayed with the army twenty years, although he advanced no further than captain for over a decade. He was the first commander of Fort Wayne in Indian Territory when it was established in 1838, and he saw service at all the major frontier forts during his first ten years of service. He was also instrumental in surveying the Fort Gibson military road, the main north-south highway along the frontier.

On April 24, 1843, Boone received orders from Brevet Brigadier General Zachary Taylor to lead an expedition through the heart of Indian Territory from Fort Gibson to the big bend of the Arkansas River in what is now Kansas. He was to explore the region, provide military escort to hard-pressed caravans along the Santa Fe Trail, and investigate raiding activity along the trail. Boone's officers included Abraham Johnston, who was later killed in the Mexican War; surgeon Josiah Simpson who rendered meritorious service as a colonel for the Union in the Civil War; Abraham Buford, who later served in the Mexican War and as a Confederate general; and Richard H. Anderson, who would command the Confederate Fifth Division of the Army of Tennessee during the Civil War.

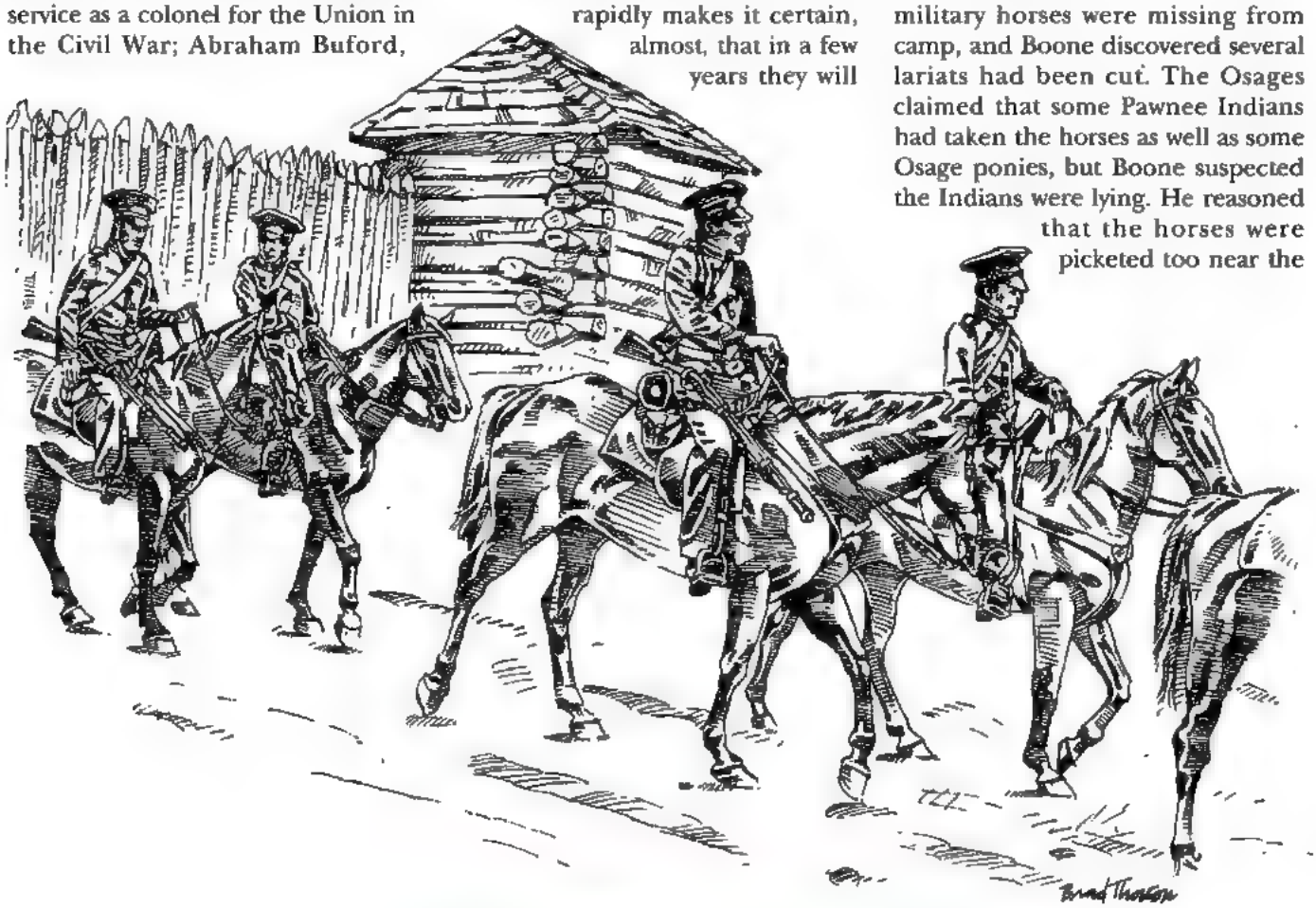
Boone's force of ninety men and two wagons departed from Fort Gibson on May 14 and advanced northwest along the Verdigris River. In his journal, Boone provided detailed descriptions of the land and its flora and fauna. His thorough and competent journal entries demonstrated his knowledge of botany, zoology, and geography.

On May 20, Boone found the remains of a large Indian camp where the Osage Trail crossed the Arkansas River. He ordered construction of a large bark canoe to cross the river. As Boone worked his way northwest he saw steadily increasing numbers of antelope, elk, and jackrabbits. He made an interesting journal entry concerning buffalos on May 27 when he noted, "The destruction of these animals yearly and their falling off so rapidly makes it certain, almost, that in a few years they will be known as a rare species." In 1843 Josiah Gregg commented similarly in *The Commerce of the Prairies*, which details life on the Santa Fe Trail. For whatever reason, the sudden decline of buffalos must have been especially noticeable. Boone observed that the winter of 1842–43 was especially hard and partially credits it for large numbers of buffalo deaths.

On May 27, a violent hail storm, in which many of the stones were "as large as hen's eggs," battered Boone's column. The storm drove several horses from camp, but the men retrieved them the following day.

Two days later the soldiers came upon their first Indians, a band of Wa-sha-shay Osages, southeast of present-day Anthony, Kansas, on Bluff Creek. The Indians ran at the sight of the soldiers and officers had to pursue and overtake them. The Osages took Boone's force to their camp, where the captain reported the Indians had recently killed twenty-five buffalos.

The following morning several military horses were missing from camp, and Boone discovered several lariats had been cut. The Osages claimed that some Pawnee Indians had taken the horses as well as some Osage ponies, but Boone suspected the Indians were lying. He reasoned that the horses were picketed too near the



Osage encampment for Pawnees to have chanced such a theft. When Boone suggested that the Osages were the horse thieves, the Indians offered to show his men the Pawnees' trail. The dragoons found that the Osages were showing them a mock trail on the opposite side of the river from where the horses had passed.

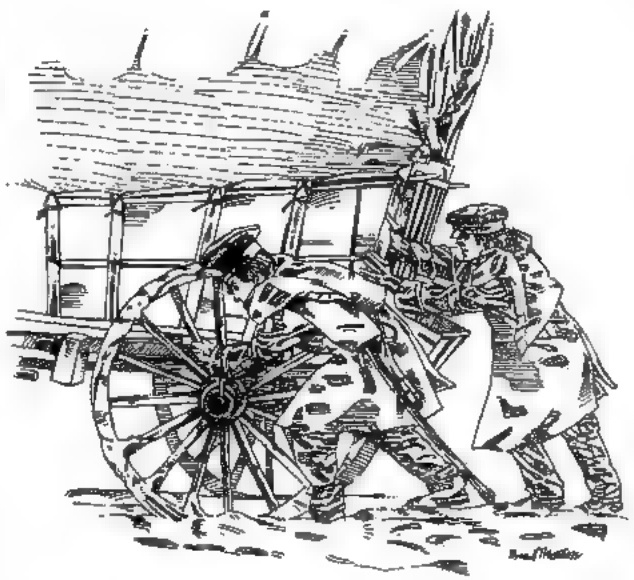
When the men found a butcher knife near where the lariats had been cut, the chief claimed it was an Osage knife until he learned where it was found. He changed his story and claimed that one of his traders had sold the knife to the Pawnees. The story did not impress Boone, but he had little solid evidence to counter it.

Boone wanted to see if some reported salt plains were nearby and he ordered some dragoons to examine the area. In 1811, Osage Indian Agent George C. Sibley had discovered a unique plot of land somewhere in the area that he called a huge salt plain. A later expedition by Thomas James and John McKnight also reported such a place where they were able to chop off chunks of salt with tomahawks; however, the site was not officially positioned on maps. Salt deposits were important at the time for preserving food and for commercial use, and Boone hoped to find the mineral in a solid mass.

DURING THEIR reconnaissance the dragoons found sign of more Indians. Their Osage guides suggested Comanches had made the sign, possibly the same ones who stole the army horses. The Osages advised that the column go no farther without more troops, as they greatly feared the Comanches. The soldiers took the advice and returned to camp.

Boone led a larger group to the plain the following day but was unable to find the salt deposit. During the mission the men saw significant numbers of buffalos and deer.

Boone's force marched northwest and crossed the present line between Kansas and Oklahoma. He noted increased numbers of prairie dogs and fewer buffalos. On June 5, the company surprised a group of Osages, one of whom was riding an army mule that had been stolen earlier from Boone's force. Boone confiscated the Osages' guns and four ponies, telling them that they would be returned when his own animals had been restored. The four ponies would replace the officers' stock that had been taken. Officers privately owned their mounts, and such losses would have meant out-of-pocket replacement expenses for them. Boone was fair-minded enough to wait until he had definite proof before taking the replacements. That evening three Osages tried to trade some ponies for those that had been taken but Boone would have none of it, repeating that he would return the ponies and the property when his own stock had been returned. The Indians left with no further progress in the matter.



Boone's force then advanced to the location of present-day Hutchinson, Kansas. Once through the sand hills that surround the area, he advanced north to the Santa Fe Trail. Frequent rains caused discomfort among the troops, but fresh provisions, including an elk, lifted their spirits. The expedition found a small party of traders, who expected the governor of Santa Fe to arrive shortly with an escort for them.

PART OF Boone's mission was to investigate the late-April 1843 murder of Don Josi Antonio Cravez. Cravez was a wealthy merchant who lived in Santa Fe and annually made trips to Westport Landing and St. Louis, where he bought goods for trade. During a period of tension between the Republic of Texas and Mexico, Texas President Sam Houston authorized commerce raiding on the Santa Fe Trail, but ordered raiders not to infringe on United States territory. When Texans began raiding Mexicans along the trail, border ruffians also began raiding as well. Despite warnings, Cravez left Santa Fe with fifty-five mules, two wagons, and five servants. He also took a load of furs and an estimated $10,000 to $15,000 in cash and bullion.

Because of the winter's severity, Cravez lost most of his stock and abandoned one of the wagons. When Cravez's caravan reached the Big Bend region a group of raiders led by John McDaniel, whom Texans had recruited in Missouri and who in turn recruited fifteen men to follow him, took the Mexicans hostage. The bandits killed the servants immediately but kept Cravez alive while they tried to get him to tell if he had any more money. When the merchant finally seemed of no further value, the thieves murdered him.

Boone found what he thought was the outlaws' camp, but he was unable to gain any real knowledge of their location. Eventually another group of soldiers and frontiersmen apprehended several of the ruffians, including McDaniel and his brother David. John McDaniel and a Joseph Brown were hanged and several of the others were jailed. A few

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received clemency because they thought they were on a military mission for Texas.

On June 11, Lieutenants Buford and Anderson and twelve men went in search of buffalos. They had little luck. The next day, Lieutenant Johnston, who also had been looking for buffalos, returned to camp with a severe wound. While chasing some buffalos his gun had accidentally discharged and shot a hole through his right foot. His wound was dressed and he was placed in a wagon where he remained, out of service, for the remainder of the expedition.

The next day Boone encountered another detachment of dragoons from Fort Leavenworth under the command of Captain Phillip St. George Cooke. Cooke, a Virginia native, would later serve with distinction as a cavalry general with the Union's Army of the Potomac in the Civil War.

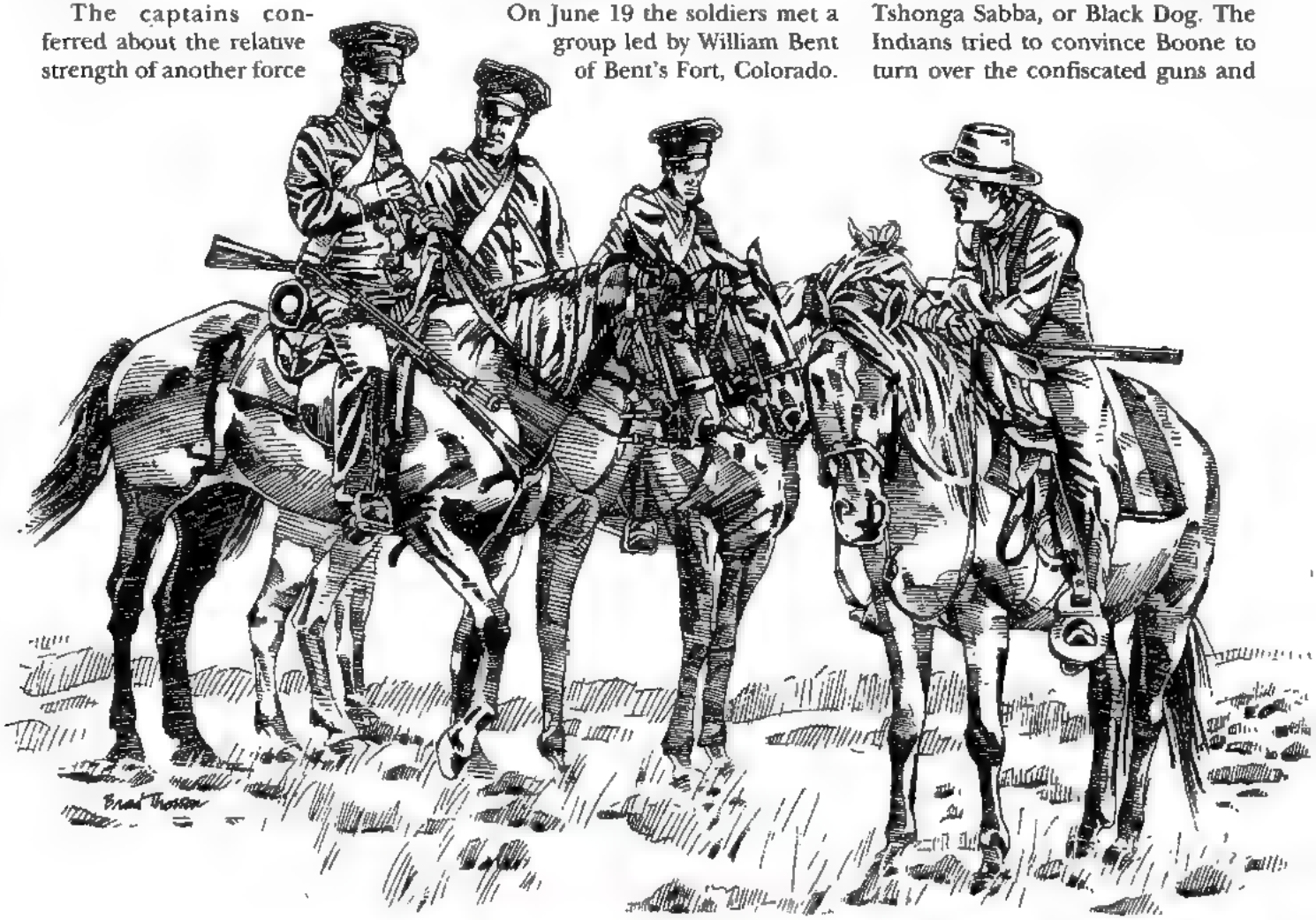
The captains conferred about the relative strength of another force of Texans, that one under "Colonel" Charles A. Warfield, that was raiding along the Santa Fe. Warfield, the man who had recruited McDaniel, apparently just assumed the rank of "colonel," as did several other expedition leaders of the time. Traders believed that Warfield led only thirty men rather than a rumored 600-700. The dragoon units had been requested to meet the threat and defend trail caravans. Warfield later linked with Texas forces under Colonel Jacob Snively to defeat elements of a force under General Manuel Armijo of the Mexican army, headed up the trail to fight the banditry.

While the two expeditions camped together another storm, with high winds and hail, wrecked the camp. After the storm, troops went out to help rescue some travelers whose wagon had become mired in quicksand, and in the effort lost a mule which sank in the sand.

On June 19 the soldiers met a group led by William Bent of Bent's Fort, Colorado. Bent and his fourteen wagons were waiting for elements of trading caravans that he was to accompany to his fort several hundred miles west on the Arkansas River. The large concentration of caravans was the result of a determined effort by both the United States and Mexico to escort beleaguered travelers along the trail. The big bend region presented a good staging site, with its game for the men and lush grazing for the animals. Several different tribes also claimed the area as hunting grounds, and it was a good location for travelers to present a show of force.

Boone began his return toward Fort Gibson after he and Cooke agreed that his troops were not needed. He swept south through present-day St. John, Kansas, crossing and taking note of the salty Rattlesnake Creek.

Boone's force continued south until they reached the Gyp Hills and another band of Osages under chief Tshonga Sabba, or Black Dog. The Indians tried to convince Boone to turn over the confiscated guns and



ponies, but Boone declined, saying that the owners were not of Black Dog's people. News apparently traveled fast among the Osages and they seem to have been trying several ploys to regain the ponies.

Boone located the salt deposits, just as earlier travelers had described them, on June 30. He took careful note of the deposit's position, five miles east of the ninety-eighth meridian near the present Oklahoma-Kansas border. Boone correctly surmised that the river through the plain was the Cimarron. His force spent several days hunting and examining the deposits before continuing south.

On July 6 a Private Bean of Company E died of what Boone termed "a disease of the brain of old standing." Boone noted that Bean had been carried in one of the wagons since the force had left the Arkansas River. Bean was buried the following day and the soldiers named the nearby creek Dragoon Creek in his honor.

Author's Map

The route of Boone's expedition.

AS THE FORCE continued south, game steadily diminished. Caddoe Indians visited the campsite the night of July 10 and informed the soldiers that the buffalos were extremely scarce. Boone's men took two bison on July 12, temporarily bolstering their dwindling food supply. However, two buffalos would not feed a force of ninety men for long.

Boone crossed into lush grass country and reported herds of wild ponies. As the force went on, however, water and game became more scarce. By July 18 the group found large concentrations of plum thickets with ripe fruit. They also met friendly Absentee Shawnees (a Shawnee tribal division), who informed Boone that he was near Auguste Chouteau's trading post, a point from which he would swing southeast back to Fort Gibson. Chouteau established the trading post in 1838 to trade with Kiowas and Comanches who disliked traveling through forested country.

By the time Boone reached the post, his men had exhausted their provisions. He began searching for signs of Indian activity hoping to barter for some food for his men. By July 23 he located a band of Creeks and secured food from the tribe. He spent the next day managing the jerking of beef and visiting with friendly Indians.

On July 25, while the force was fording the wagons and supplies across a river crossing, one of the men of Company H was accidentally shot to death when a rifle leaning against a tree fell over and discharged. The ball struck the soldier in the back and he died within fifteen minutes. Boone's men carried flintlock weapons which were prone to accidental discharge. The primitive design of the flintlocks, their frequent and often careless handling, and the men's habit of keeping the pans charged in Indian territory, increased the likelihood of accidents.

As Boone neared Fort Gibson he was again running out of provisions. He sent a small detachment under Lieutenant Anderson and Lieutenant Johnston ahead to search for supplies. The group became lost along the Blue River, and Anderson went ahead when the group ran out of provisions, leaving Johnston, five men, and one wagon behind. He found nothing until he reached Fort Holmes, some forty-five miles away.

THE EXHAUSTED force trudged though a constant drizzling rain, finally reaching Fort Gibson on July 31. The expedition had lasted sixty days and lost only two men dead and a third seriously injured. They had had no serious clashes with hostile Indians. At times when the expedition could have become life threatening, Boone's cool and competent leadership kept it disciplined and orderly.

Boone had produced a thorough and expert journal on the trip. The document not only provides an excellent description of the terrain and environment of the plains but also accurately portrays dragoon life in the 1840s. General Taylor praised Boone's journal as "a source of valuable and curious information."

Boone retired from the army as a lieutenant colonel at the age of seventy-one in 1852. He returned to his home in Missouri with his wife, Olive. During his retirement he became a valuable source for historians about the later years of his famous father. Nathan Boone died in 1857, 102 years after the marriage of his parents.

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Redstone of Yesterday

By MARLA J. KILEY

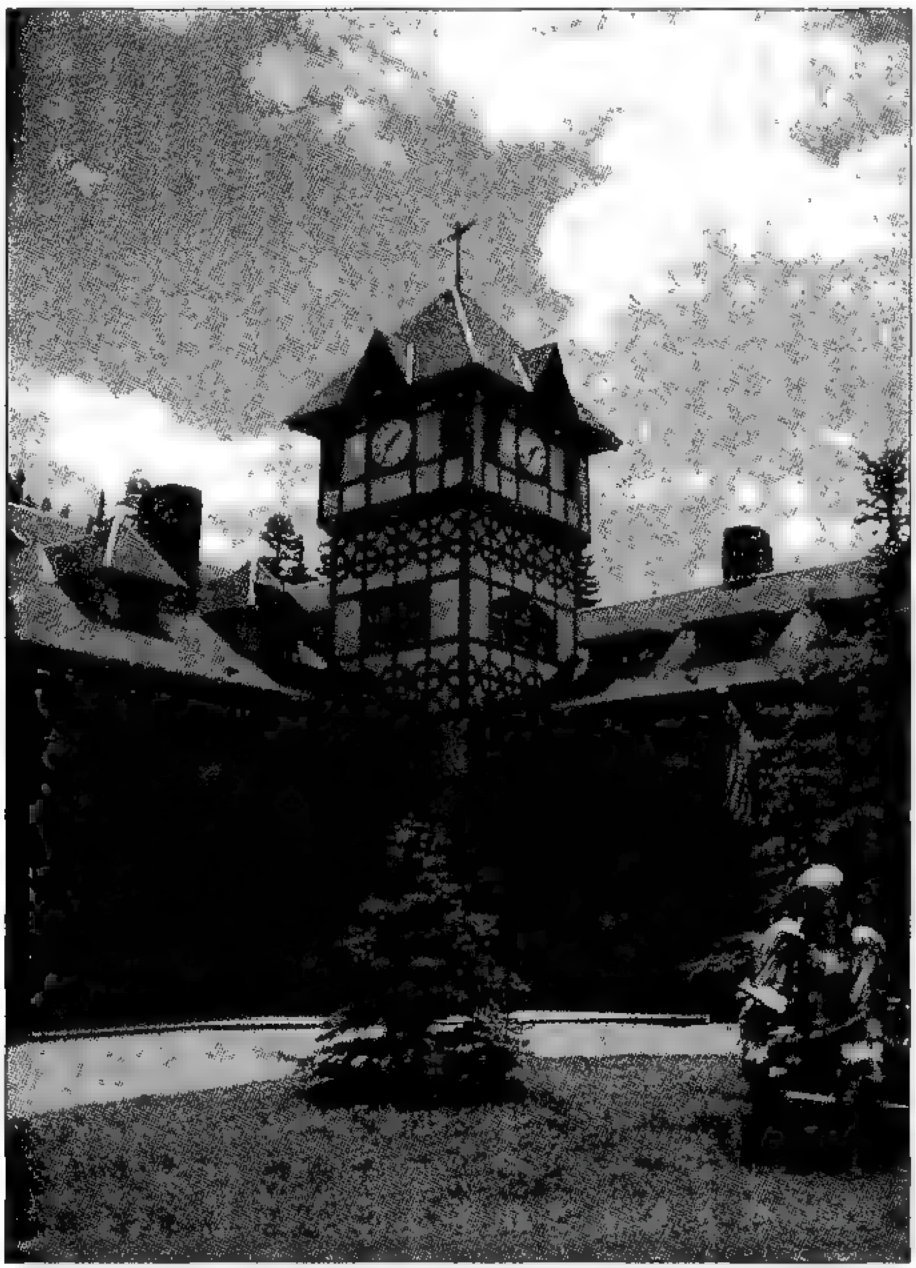

Photo by Marla J. Kiley

John Cleveland Osgood's Cleveholm Manor in Redstone, Colorado. The forty-two-room mansion is now a bed-and-breakfast inn.

Although it lasted only a few years, John Cleveland Osgood's mining town was one of the most interesting community experiments on the frontier. Designed to make life comfortable for coal miners and their families, the town of Redstone, Colorado, was known during its short boom time as the "Ruby of the Rockies."

Osgood was nephew of General Moses Cleveland, the founder of Cleveland, Ohio. Unlike his uncle, Osgood was not a wealthy man, but he was determined to make his own fortune.

Born in Brooklyn in 1851, Osgood left school at age fourteen and began working in a cotton mill. A few years later he went to work for the Ladd Produce Commission Firm. He attended night school at the Peter Cooper Institute, a type of poor man's Harvard, and after completing his education, he took a job bookkeeping for the Union Mine Company in Iowa. Eventually he saved enough money to buy the failing White Breast Mining Company.

Searching for a way to expand his small business, in 1881 Osgood began looking for coal in Colorado. There, in the Redstone Valley of the Elk Range in the Rockies, he found two gold prospectors who had been working a claim when a snowslide sheared off the side of a hill and revealed a rich deposit of coal. Not interested in coal, they offered the find to Osgood for $500. That was a lot of money for Osgood, but he made a deal with the miners to pay

Photo by Marla J Kiley

The Redstone Inn, which Osgood built for single miners. The building is now a hotel.

half the price up front and the other $250 later. Osgood opened a coal mine and formed the Colorado Fuel Company in 1882.

As Osgood's mine prospered he hired more miners. In 1899 he began building the town of Redstone, so named because it sat below a wall of red sandstone cliffs. The townsite was on Colorado's western slope at an elevation of just over 7,000 feet. Running along the valley floor nearby was the Crystal River, named for its clear water.

Osgood's peers called him the "strangest of builders." Although he was eclectic, using a mixture of building materials, he was also committed to the budding town.

First Osgood mapped roads and planned the city. He was a benevolent man, building eighty-seven homes for his married miners. Architects designed the structures, and no two were built or painted alike. For single miners, Osgood built the Redstone Inn. For all the miners he constructed a club house, and for their children he built a school.

At the head of the village, Osgood built his own home and named it Cleveholm Manor. The forty-two room, 27,000-square-foot mansion was completed in 1900. It sat on a sloping hill surrounded by the magnificent red sandstone cliffs. The tranquil Crystal River flowed along the base of the estate with a backdrop of pine trees and aspen. Osgood insisted on using the finest materials to build his home, and when completed the mansion cost $2.5 million.

The house had a European flair with decadent furniture and art work, and a French music room. Tiffany chandeliers and Persian rugs adorned the rooms. Marble fireplaces were handcrafted by Italian and Austrian stonecutters.

Although he would have no children and two of his marriages would end in divorce, Osgood was committed to helping his workers' families. Thus, in an unusual social experiment in Redstone, he established at the club house a 256-volume library, complete with newspapers, magazines, and classic novels for all of the miners and their families to use. In the basement of the club were showers and lockers where the men could bathe and change clothes before going home after a dirty day in the mine.

Osgood believed that gambling and drinking destroyed many a good man; therefore, he forbade gambling at the miner's club. Knowing that he could never ban alcohol, Osgood enacted a strange rule; a fully stocked bar was open to all the men, but no one could buy a drink for another person. Such a rule, Osgood hoped, would help miners avoid the pressure to drink. Also available at the club were "soft drinks" and sandwiches at cost.

Social events and parties were also given at the club. Every Wednes-

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day the wives and daughters of miners were invited for an evening of music.

Osgood encouraged gardening among the workers to insure better health. A herd of cows he provided for the miners' cooperative ownership gave them fresh milk for their children.

Osgood was excessive with people and places he loved, and that included Redstone. He lived as the king over the small town of well-cared-for workers. The conditions in which they lived were revolutionary for the time; in other mining towns, where men were overworked and underpaid, unions had begun to spring up.

By October 1900, Osgood had married Alma Regina Shelgrem, his second wife, and taken her to Redstone. His first wife, Nannie Irene de Belote, whom he married in 1891, was a flirtatious southern belle who left him when she realized he intended to move to Colorado. Osgood divorced her on grounds of desertion, but he led Denver society to believe that a runaway horse had killed her in Central Park. In reality, the first Mrs. Osgood had remarried and was living happily in New York.

Fortunately for the 400 residents of Redstone, Alma Osgood was a kind, generous woman whom the townspeople dubbed "Lady Bountiful." She adored the families in Redstone, and every Christmas she bought each of them a gift in New York City. Not only did she throw parties for the workers and their families, but she also took a personal interest in their lives. While riding in her buggy, she often stopped to chat with a miner's wife or school children. She monitored the health of the townspeople and made sure medical attention was available for the very ill.

Although kind in nature, Alma was not a pushover. She loved to hunt and was an excellent marksman. Bear, deer, and other wild game became her trophies in Cleveholm Manor.

Alma was also an extravagant entertainer. As a self-described English lady, she delighted in entertaining the statesmen and wealthy of the day. In her private suite at the manor, she had built into a wall a small window that opened inward. When open, it allowed her to peer into the house's grand hall to make sure her guests were assembled before she made a grand entrance.

The Osgoods, although 400 miles from Denver by rail, were not far removed from society. They gave elegant dinners for notable guests such as John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Teddy Roosevelt, and King Leopold of Belgium.

The patio of the manor overlooked a large open field with a forest backdrop. From that patio, Teddy Roosevelt shot game that a professional gamekeeper had released. Osgood had employed the gamekeeper to keep company entertained and give them an easy kill.

Even though he worked long, hard hours, Osgood retained his sense of humor. Shortly after he purchased a new two-seat Oldsmobile in 1901, a group of business associates visited his estate. Always the gracious host, he showed the men the town he had created in less than two years, roads and all. When Osgood bragged about his new car, one businessman remarked that although the roads were excellent, no automobile could ever make it up steep McClure's Pass just outside of the city limits.

THE NEXT morning Osgood led his friends on an early morning hunting ride. As their mounts reached the top of McClure's Pass, there sat the Oldsmobile. Osgood never mentioned that he had his men work all night disassembling the vehicle and reassembling it on top of the pass.

The incredible city of Redstone operated for only a few years, from 1899 to 1903, under Osgood. The Colorado Fuel Company began to fail after coal prices dropped and Osgood lost interest in the venture. He left the company and deserted the coal mine above Redstone. Retreating to New York City, Osgood tried to make a comeback in industry by involving himself with fuel transportation in the West. Although his interest in the mine was gone he retained ownership of the manor, inn, club house, school, and hundreds of acres of surrounding land. He remained devoted to Redstone, and he continued to visit it as often as he could, trying to keep part of his dream alive.

Nevertheless, with Osgood's withdrawal from business, Redstone began to collapse. By 1911 the town was deserted, just like many of the

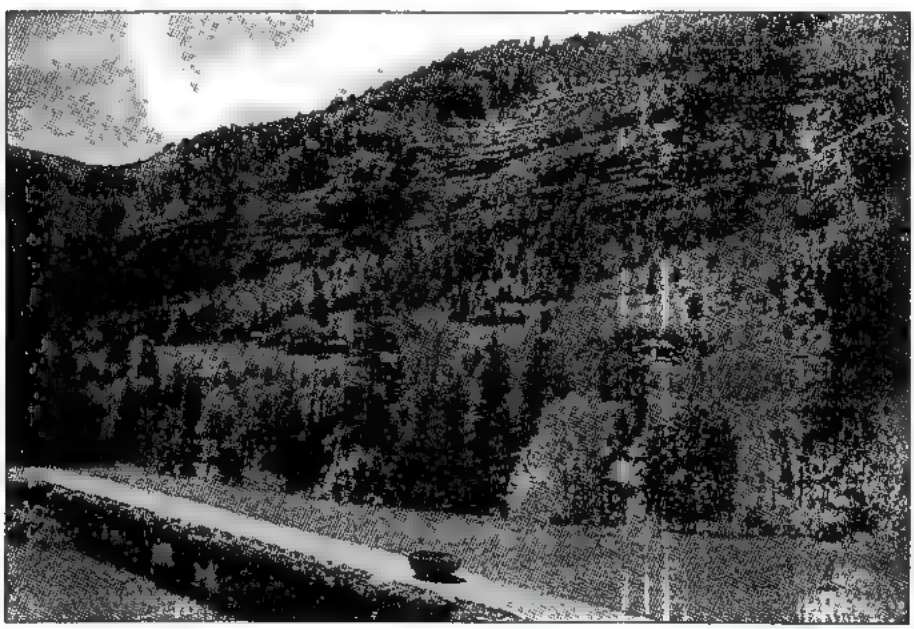

Photo by Marfa J. Kiley

The redstone cliffs behind the town of Redstone, Colorado.

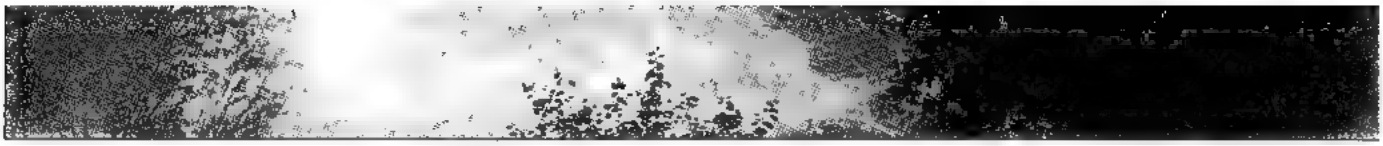

Photo by Marla J. Kiley

An old mill just up the river from Redstone.

other small mining towns in the region. By 1917, people thought that Redstone would indeed disappear from the map. The club house and school were both torn down. Only the inn and manor remained as evidence of the once-booming, socially advanced town.

In 1917, the entire valley was almost deserted. The demand for coal had decreased, and the bountiful resources along the Crystal River were abandoned.

Alma and John separated in 1914 and divorced in 1919 while in New York. Osgood married a third time in 1920. As a seventy-four-year-old man with a twenty-five year old bride named Lucille, he returned to Redstone in 1925. He had been gone for twelve years and returned to live his last days before he died of cancer. He died January 4, 1926, in his bedroom in the Cleveholm Manor. His ashes were scattered among the trees and on the Crystal River.

For some reason, Lucille burned all of his papers and personal effects shortly after his death, leaving a shroud of mystery about his life and intentions for the town of Redstone. Lucille remarried in 1933 and tried to turn Redstone into a resort with the help of her new husband. When they failed, they left the Redstone valley and headed for the West Coast. They were never heard from again.

Redstone experienced a small revival in 1941. There were twelve residents in the town that year, and the population has seen a steady, but small increase ever since. The manor, inn, and several of the homes came under the protection of the Colorado Historical Society in later years to prevent their destruction. The current owner of the Cleveholm Manor turned it into a luxurious bed-and-breakfast inn. The Redstone Inn is also operating as a hotel. Small artist shops now line the town's main street. Across the highway, dome shaped coke ovens from the mining days still line the banks of the Crystal River. The old mine remains above the city but the trail is overgrown and rough, making access possible only by horse or four-wheel-drive vehicle.

The inn and manor host several events throughout the year, such as wine-tasting weekends, a fall harvest ball, the "Grand Illumination"—the lighting of the village of Redstone for Christmas, and the annual sweetheart ball. The festivities that Alma Osgood started live on in her memory.

Today, there is little mining in the area, but Redstone boasts one hundred year-round residents and thousands of summer tourists. As long as the Cleveholm Manor remains on the gentle sloping hill of the Redstone Valley floor, John Cleveland Osgood's ideal frontier town will never fade completely away.

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OUTGUNNED in Meeker

By JOANNA SAMPSON

When three inexperienced outlaws rode into Meeker, Colorado, early Tuesday, October 13, 1896, they expected to ride out with a bag of loot and fame as bank robbers. Instead they got a bloody reception from the town's well-armed citizenry and three graves in a potter's field.

Jim Shirley, forty-five years old and leader of the group; George Bain, thirty-five; and "The Kid" Pierce, twenty-one, had ridden in from Colorado's Brown's Park, notorious as a hideout for Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch. After hearing exciting tales of Cassidy's recent Montpelier, Idaho, bank robbery, Shirley, Bain, and Pierce eagerly planned their own outlaw careers.

For someone planning a life of crime, Cassidy was an excellent role model. He planned his robberies with precision and foresight, executed them efficiently, and only pulled heists calculated to reward his gang with big payoffs.

Shirley and his gang thought their strategy was equally well thought out. They targeted the prosperous town of Meeker, a business and banking center amid deep canyons and high mesas in northwestern Colorado. They circled Meeker and entered town from the south, hoping to obscure the direction of their hideout and confuse any posse that came after them. They also cut fences as they rode into town to afford themselves a fast get away.

White River Museum, Meeker, Colorado

Outlaw George Bain in death. He fired the shots that alerted Meeker citizens to a bank robbery.

Once in Meeker, the would-be outlaws dismounted in front of Harp's Livery Barn, where they left their horses and began a leisurely stroll through the business district, inspecting the town as they went. Shirley led the way, limping slowly because his right leg was shorter than his left. Shirley, five feet, eight inches tall with dark hair and beard, had once worked for Simp Harp, owner of the livery barn, although no one there recognized him that morning. He had a good reputation as a cowboy, an excellent cook, and a man who kept a neat cabin.

Bain was five feet, nine inches tall, weighed 180 pounds and had light reddish hair and a sandy colored mustache. His true identity was uncertain, and his gravestone also bears the names George Low and George Harvies. Whatever his real name, he had once worked for the Lily Park Cattle Company in Brown's Park. Pierce was five feet, seven inches tall and weighed 150 pounds. People knew very little about him, except that he was young, smooth faced, and a resident of Brown's Park.

Settlers, cowboys, miners, hunters, and ranchers came from miles around to do business in the little

town, and the strangers drew no special notice. As they tromped the dusty streets, the men memorized the lay of the land, checked for possible trouble spots, and planned a fast getaway.

They paid special attention to their target, the J.W. Hugus & Company building. A well-stocked store occupied most of the space, but the Bank of Meeker was also in the building.

Shortly before 3:00 P.M. they saddled their horses in Harp's Livery Barn, walked them quietly down the street, and tied them to the rear wheels of a Hugus wagon which stood twenty-five or thirty feet from the bank door.

White River Museum, Meeker, Colorado

The body of "The Kid" Pierce, who died instantly from five bullet wounds.

As the robbers entered the bank, Joe Rooney, a clerk from the Meeker Hotel, was making a routine deposit with Assistant Cashier David Smith.

Bain stepped behind Rooney and waited patiently while the transaction was completed. As Rooney stepped away from the window, Bain suddenly jammed his gun through the opening, ordered Smith to get his hands in the air, and fired a shot close to his head. Frozen with disbelief and fear, Smith hesitated before throwing his hands up, and Bain fired once more. He aimed the bullet past Smith's head, terrifying the cashier but doing no harm.

The gunshots were a fatal mistake, ruining the outlaws' chances to make a quiet escape. The roar of the shots alerted the Hugus company manager, a Mr. Moulton, who had been waiting on customers in the store. As Moulton started toward the bank, he stopped suddenly, realizing Shirley and Pierce had their revolvers trained on him. The robbers rounded up all the clerks and customers and held them in a tight formation with their hands over their heads.

Shirley told Moulton, "Here, Mr. Cashier, we want you!" He forced Moulton to open the bank vault and demanded, "Where's your money?"

Moulton nodded toward the open cash drawer. "Help yourself," he said.

Bain produced an old sugar sack and emptied the contents of the drawer into it. The robbers then ordered Moulton and Smith into the store where Pierce kept them and the other employees under his watchful gaze. Shirley and Bain then destroyed all the rifles and ammunition in the store. They were now set for a fast getaway.

Out on the street, however, Tom Shervin of the Meeker Hotel knew immediately what was going on in the bank when he heard the two shots. He ran to the corner and spread the alarm to citizens on the street. In less than three minutes a dozen expert riflemen were positioned along the street,

White River Museum, Meeker, Colorado

Gang leader Jim Shirley, who kept firing at his attackers after he fell in the gunfight.

Photo by Joanna Sampson

George Bain's gravestone reflects the confusion over his real name.

Photo by Joanna Sampson

"The Kid" Pierce's gravestone Rio Blanco County commissioners placed the granite markers on the outlaws' graves in 1965.

Photo by Joanna Sampson

Jim Shirley's gravestone. Shirley had a good reputation around Meeker, until he tried to rob the town's bank.

blocking any chance of the robbers' escape.

With amazing speed the word spread until almost everybody on the street knew what was going on in the bank. Even the town drunk knew. When a woman came down the street headed for the Hugus building, he drew himself to his full, though wobbly, height and told her to stay out of the store. When she refused to listen he said, "Go on in lady and get your butt shot off!"

The robbers appeared at the side door of the store, using their prisoners as hostages. Shirley held Rooney as a shield, Bain and Pierce hid behind Moulton, clerks from the store, and several customers.

When they stepped into the street, Shirley caught sight of W.H. Clark by the corner of the Hugus grain warehouse and shot him with his rifle. The bullet caught Clark high and to the side of his right breast, inflicting a painful, but not fatal, wound.

THEN THE ROBBERS marched their hostages along the street to the waiting horses. Shirley and Bain began untying the reins while Pierce kept watch over their prisoners with his Winchester pointed into the crowd at heart level.

Suddenly the hostages broke and ran. Moulton later explained, "We got tired of holding our hands in the air."

Pierce began shooting at the men on the run. A man named Victor Dikeman suffered a flesh wound in the arm, and a Mr. Booth and Mr. Herrick both sustained superficial wounds.

As the customers ran for safety, Meeker's well-armed citizens opened fire on the robbers. In a few moments Pierce hit the dirt, shot through the heart; he died instantly. Later people found five bullets in his body.

Shirley also went down, but he continued firing as he lay dying in a pool of blood. Bain, watching the demise of his friends, ran toward the river, but soon took a bullet in his lung and another in his leg. The county attorney, whose last name

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516—TREASURE OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS: TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE SPANISH SOUTHWEST. *By Arthur L. Campa, foreword by J. Manuel Espinosa.* This collection includes stories of silver locked away in outlaw hoards, lost mines stacked with bars of gold, and fabulous Jesuit treasures buried when that order was expelled from New Spain. Not all of these folk treasures are of mineral wealth, however. There are also the legends of the Hermit of Las Vegas and of the lovelorn nun. University of Oklahoma Press.

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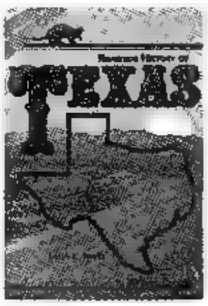

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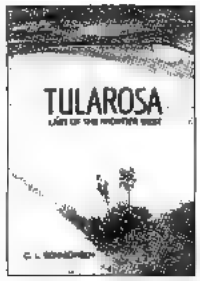

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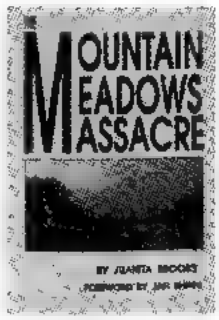

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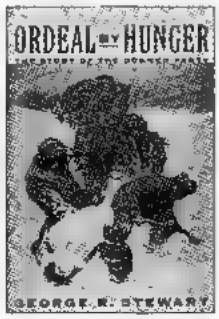

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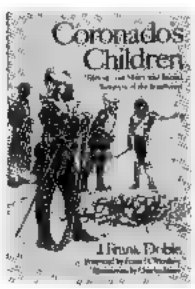

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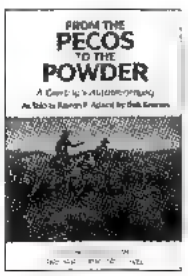

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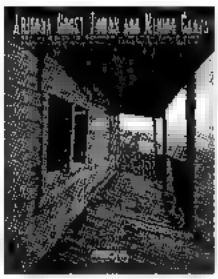

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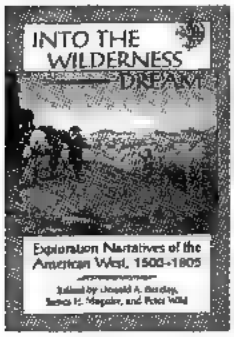

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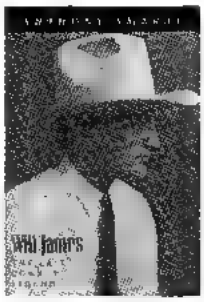

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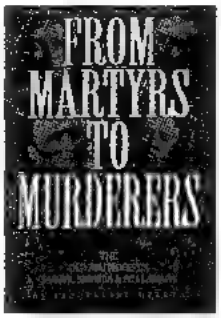

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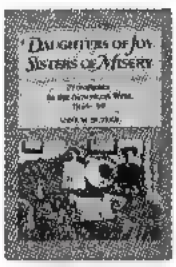

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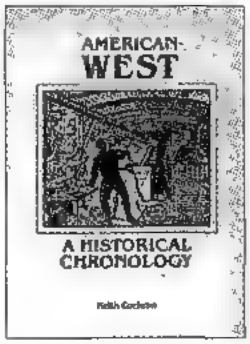

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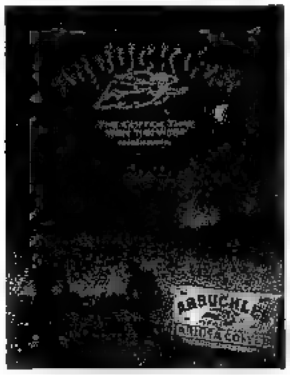

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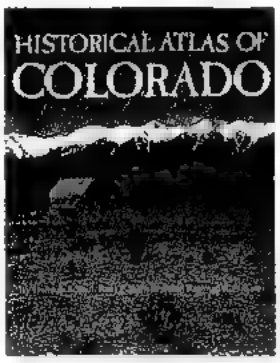

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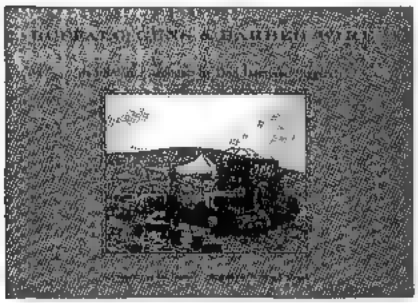

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was Ryan, and *Meeker Herald* newspaper editor R.G. Lytle tried to get information from him but were unable to learn anything. Bain lived for nearly an hour before crying weakly "Oh, mother!" Then he died.

Schoolboy Benjamin Nichols recalled, "We were in school, it was recess and we was all wondering what all the shooting was downtown. When school was out at four o'clock, we broke down there and saw the one man still alive. He lay in the street but he died shortly afterwards. The two other men lay in the ditch near their horses that were tied to a wagon."

A coroner's jury quickly found that the outlaws died of gunshot wounds inflicted by the citizens of Meeker in the defense of the town, and that the killings were justifiable. Undertaker Niblock buried the three in Highland Cemetery. Their graves are in the potter's field on a hill overlooking the town. So ended the saga of three cowboys who yearned to follow in the footsteps of the Wild Bunch.

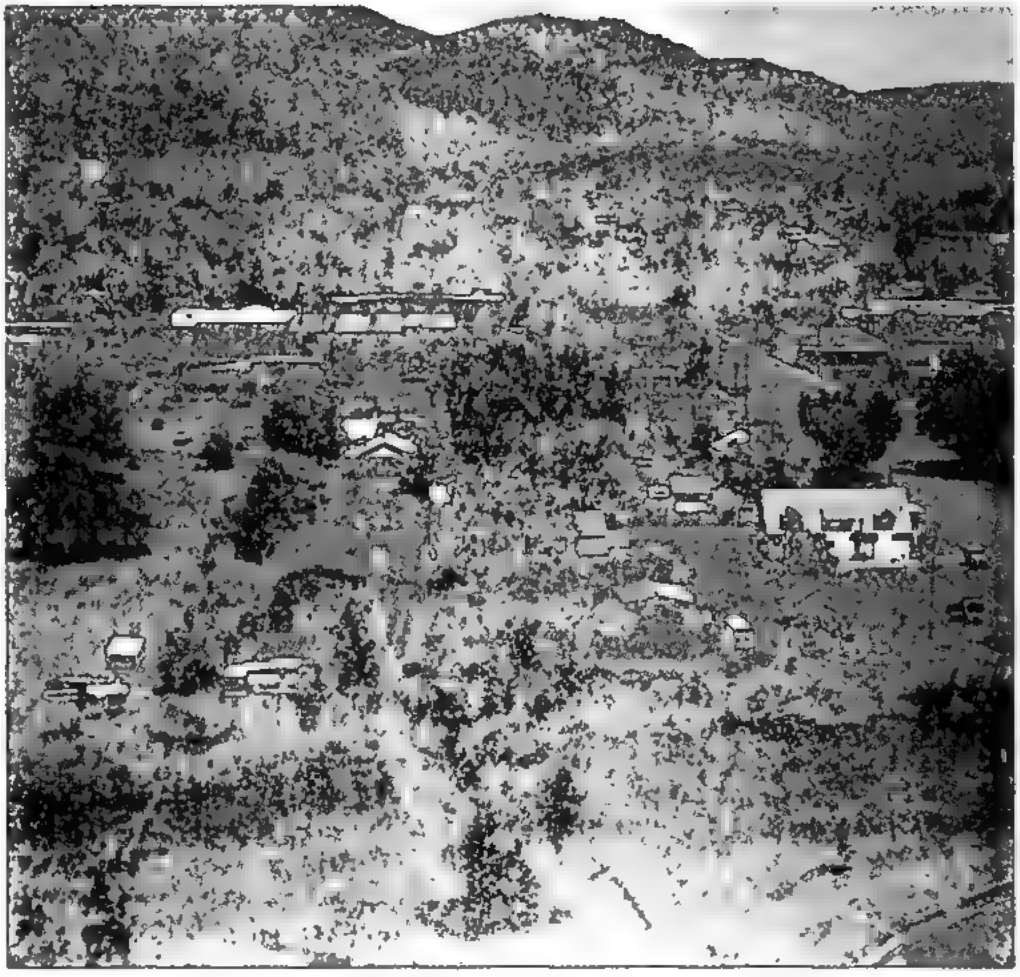


Photo by Joanna Sampson

Meeker, Colorado, seen from the hilltop cemetery where the outlaws are buried.

After the shootout, citizens found the sugar sack full of money inside the Hugus store. Hostages were certain the robbers carried the sack out of the store, but no one could remember carrying it back into the building. All the money was in the sack, waiting to be returned to the vault for business.

Drinks were free the rest of the night in local bars, and the newspaper printed accolades for the citizens who responded with a "cool display of judgment and bravery under trying conditions...[forging] a reputation to be proud of." The prompt actions of the citizens, the newspaper commented, had spared local taxpayers costly criminal proceedings against the three robbers.

"We were in school, it was recess and we was all wondering what all the shooting was downtown. When school was out at four o'clock, we broke down there and saw the one man still alive. He lay in the street but he died shortly afterwards. The two other men lay in the ditch near their horses that were tied to a wagon."

Seventeen days after the shootout, a man named Sam Wear, riding to the head of Three Mile Gulch, made a horrible discovery. Three horses were tied at a spot the robbers obviously had intended as a resting place on their escape route. One horse had died of starvation, and one was in such bad shape that Wear shot it. The third was also in bad condition, but it survived.

Ironically, Shirley, Bain, and Pierce received in death the notoriety they sought in life. The robbery and shootout became well-known, and the outlaws' graves became tourist attractions. In 1965, Rio Blanco County commissioners voted to replace aging wooden crosses on the graves with modest granite stones, and the Rio Blanco Historical Society assembled an information board giving the history of the three bank robbers and the failed robbery. Every Fourth of July, during Meeker's "Range Call Days" celebration, citizens reenact the robbery that ended three brief outlaw careers.

FUR T

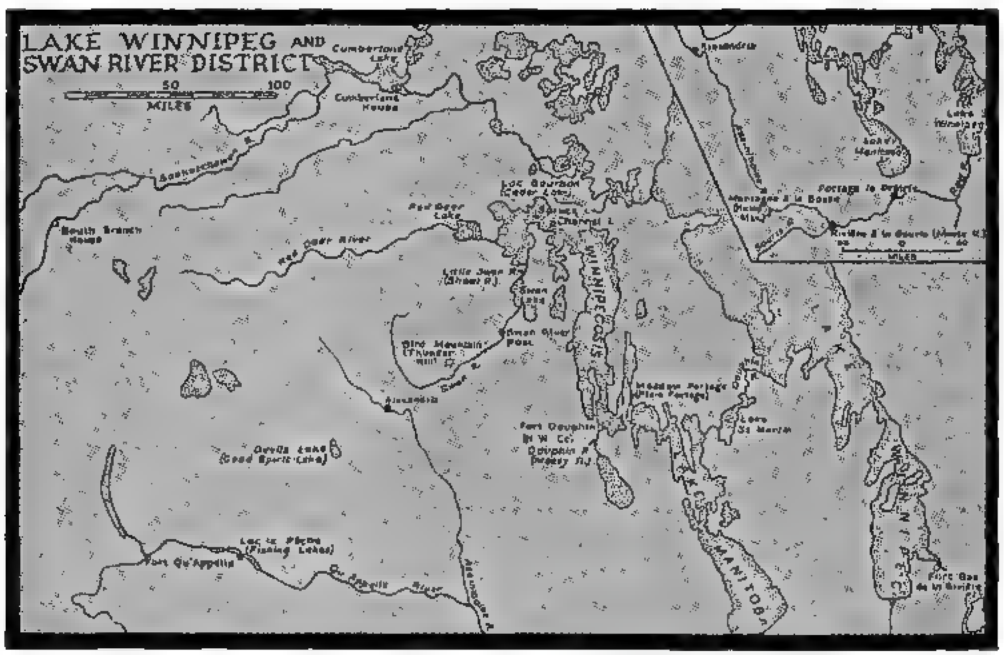
ON THE ASSIN

By Darle

The Assiniboine River in east-central Saskatchewan counted among frontier North America's richest sources of furs. The Hudson's Bay Company, the North West Company, and the New North West (or XY) Company once operated a combined total of five posts within a sixteen-mile stretch of river. The area's fur supply was so abundant and the competition among the companies so keen that in 1795 the North West Company built Fort Alexandria on the Assiniboine's south side, almost directly across the river from Charleton House, a Hudson's Bay Company post built in 1790.

Today, nearly 200 years later, little evidence of either fort remains, other than the occasional artifact cultivated to the surface in adjoining grain fields. Indeed, the area's colorful saga might be simply a forgotten time in history were it not for a man named Daniel Harmon.

Daniel Williams Harmon was the factor at Fort Alexandria from 1800 to 1805. Born in Vermont, Harmon entered the service of the North West Company in 1800 at the age of twenty-two and was posted to Fort Alexandria in the company's Swan River trading district. During his next four years at Fort Alexandria, Harmon took a lively interest in everything around him, from the flora and fauna to the workings of the post and the customs and daily habits of the area's Indian people. He kept a detailed journal which might not have survived had he not made a handwritten copy to send home to his family in Vermont so they would know how he spent his days far away in "Indian territory." His family saved that copy, and it was published in 1820 as *Sixteen Years in Indian Country: The Journal of Daniel Williams Harmon, 1800-1816.* Today it is one of the most articulate and detailed sources on early Indian culture and the fur trade era.



Map from *Sixteen Years in Indian Country: The Journal of Daniel Williams Harmon, 1800–1816,* Macmillan Company of Canada.

North West Company Territory.

Harmon's first sight of Fort Alexandria came on a Wednesday afternoon, October 22, 1800. He had traveled six days on horseback across country from the Swan River headquarters, about 100 miles to the east. He wrote, "Fort Alexandria is built on a small rise of ground on the Bank of the Upper River, which separates it from a beautiful Plain

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about ten Miles long and as level as a House floor. Just behind the Fort are small Groves of Burch, Poplar, Aspin and a species of the Pine Tree, which renders it a delightsome place. The Fort is twelve Rods [198 feet] by Sixteen [264 feet] & the Houses well built, plastered inside & out & washed over with white Earth, which is plentiful hereabouts and answers nearly as well for whitewashing as Lime."

The fort was built after the fashion of other North West Company establishments. From Harmon's writings it would appear to have been surrounded by a palisade fence. In 1801, rumors of hostile Indians in the area prompted Harmon to further fortify the establishment. "I have...thought it proper to set our People to build Block Houses over the Fort Gates," he wrote June 10, "and put the Bastions in order, so that we may be prepared to defend ourselves in case of attack."

Daniel Harmon spent his first 'sojourn' at Fort Alexandria, between October 26, 1800, and March 17, 1801, in the company of Archibald N. McLeod, the North West Company's superintendent of the Swan River department. McLeod was considered a 'strong winterer' and had been strategically placed at Fort Alexandria to snag as large a slice as possible of the lucrative fur trade pie.

The North Westers' strategy was to build more and more posts. Wherever the opposition built, the North Westers quickly moved in. Since the company had considerable goods and manpower at its disposal, it forced its competitors to overextend themselves at every hand. The Hudson's Bay Company, particularly, felt the pinch since nearly all of its goods and supplies (even such basics as flour) had to be imported from England.

In 1801, rumors of hostile Indians in the area prompted Harmon to further fortify the establishment. "I have...thought it proper to set our People to build Block Houses over the Fort Gates," he wrote June 10, "and put the Bastions in order, so that we may be prepared to defend ourselves in case of attack."

The North West Company held another advantage in employing men who knew the Indian languages. Called Pedlars, these men went directly to the Indian camps, often bartering and procuring furs the moment the pelts were taken. The Hudson's Bay Company people had to wait for the Indians to come to them, since few could speak the Indians' tongues.

During winter when the fur business was in full swing, the population at Fort Alexandria could reach as many as seventy or eighty people. Besides the factor, there would be a number of "Canadians" (French voyageurs, interpreters, guides, laborers, and servants), native or Metis women who had been taken as wives by the Canadians, and their children, along with an assortment of Cree and Assiniboine Indians from nearby encampments who sought the protection and provisions of the fort. During periods when food was in short supply, residents of neighboring forts were often welcomed in, as well.

Strangely enough, despite the plentiful wildlife in the area, food shortages were not uncommon. Several times in his journal Harmon expressed anxiety over the lack of food. In August 1803 he wrote, "We are thirty people in the Fort, and not provisions for two Days, our Hunters again being unable to kill, although there are no want of Moose and Deer." Again in January of 1805 he complained, "For nearly a Month we have subsisted on little els [else] than potatoes!" He also mentioned eating, "Pimican [pemmican]...pounded Meat or tallow and dried choak Cherries which are but little better than nothing at all...[and] boiled Parchment Skins

which...hardly deserve the naim of food."

The food shortages are puzzling. Evidently only the Indians hunted, and only a certain number of them were designated to provide meat for the trading post. Harmon's journal suggests one possible explanation for the scarcity. "One of our best Hunters has been in and told me what he thought the cause was why we could not kill. He told me that when he went a hunting he generally soon fell upon the tracks of some Animal which he followed, but as soon as he came nigh him, he heard the voice of an evil Spirit, which frightened bothe him and the Animal and the latter of course would run off and then the chase would be at an end. Hereupon I told him I had a certain medicine that if he done with It as direct him, it would not only frighten the evil Spirit in turn, but would also render him Speachless & in the end cause his death. Therefore I took several Drugs & mixed them together, which I wrapped in a piece of Paper & tied it to the butt end of his Gun & told him to go in search of a Moose or Deer, soon as he heard the voice of the evil Spirit, to throw what I had given him behind him in the air & it would fall into the evil Spirits mouth, as he was pursuing him—and the effect would be as described above. However I warned him not to look back in case he should be too much frightened at the sight of so monstrous a creature as the Devil was, but pursue the Animal which he [would] undoubtedly kill. The same Day he went a hunting, fell upon a track, which he had followed (as he says) but a short distance before the evil Spirit began his horrid cry, however he done with the medicine as I had directed him, and of course heard no more of the frightful voice, but continued following the Animal till he came nigh him, then fired and killed a fine fat Red Deer—and since then several others..."

Fortunately, times of plenty offset the times of famine. Harmon described "sledge loads of Buffaloe meat...excellent eating but not...so delicious and palatable as that of the Moose"; fish from the river; hazel nuts; strawberries, raspberries and "Paires" (Saskatoon berries or shad berries) which "when properly dried by the Sun are excellent to mix with pimican, but the Natives generally boil them in the broth of fat Meat, and serves them as one of their most dainty Dishes at all their Feasts....Of this wood," he added, "The Natives always make their arrows."

Harmon also mentions a "tolerable Kitchen garden" outside the compound which was surrounded by its own palisades. But the garden did not guarantee a food supply. In July 1802, grasshoppers "in such astonishing numbers flying about in the air that they almost hide the Sun from sight...[devoured] everything before them, scarcely leaving a Leaf on the Trees or a blade of green Grass in the plains...neither does our potatoe tops &c. in the Garden escape their all-devouring appetites." Two years later a forty-eight-hour downpour caused the Assiniboine River to overflow and flood the newly planted garden.

The prime business of Fort Alexandria was trading for furs. The hunters and trappers were Cree and Assiniboine Indians who brought peltries of bear, wolf, wolverine, lynx, beaver, otter, mink, fisher, marten, badger, muskrat, and several kinds of fox in exchange for goods which included hats, bright red and blue lace and braid-trimmed coats that the chiefs loved, blankets, knives, cooking utensils, flags ("coleurs"), some firearms and ammunition, but mostly tobacco and rum.

THE TOBACCO, which the traders used so extensively in bartering with the Indians, came in two forms: in one- and two-pound "carrots"—solid twelve- to eighteen-inch bundles of leaves laid together lengthwise, compressed, and rolled in a cloth bound tightly with a cord; or in twisted tobacco braids that were sold by the foot. As for the rum, one commentary observed, "A judicious use was made of liquor to encourage the Indians who came to the posts to trade their furs on favorable terms. During the years when the competition between trading companies was at its height, the amount of liquor used in trade increased greatly."

The people of the fort bundled the furs into ninety-pound packs, which were transported to district headquarters at Swan River Fort by canoe or by dog- or horse-drawn sledge, depending on the time of year. From there they were sent on by water to Grand Portage in the east, the "general rendezvous for all furtraders," according to Harmon.

Harmon wrote of preparing and packing pemmican, a staple provi-

Photo by D. Polachic

The site of Fort Alexandria as it appears today.

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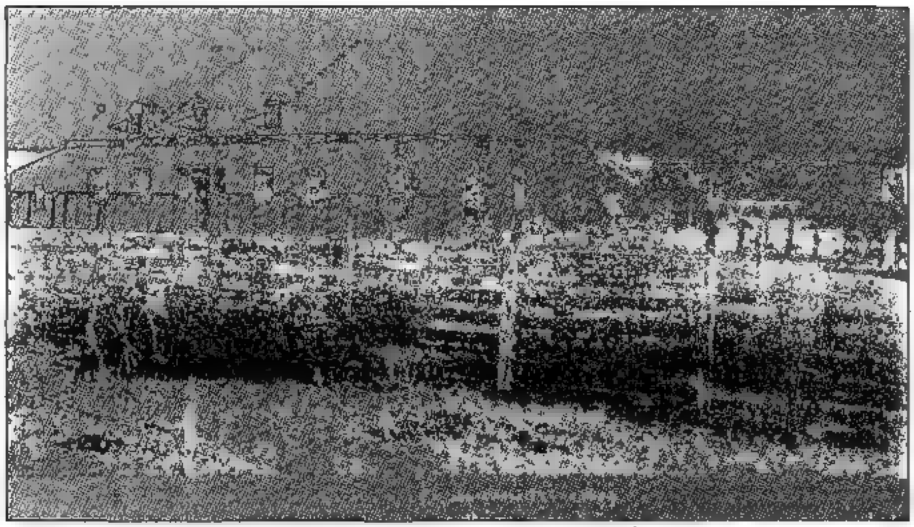
sion for the voyageurs who traveled throughout the North West Company's trading network; making sugar from maple trees near the Swan River post; tending the garden in summer; making "ten tuns" of hay for the horses. But it wasn't all work at the Fort. Harmon found many long, lonely hours to fill. He spent a large part of his time "either reading or writing, and now & then tak[ing] a ride about the Fort or to see our neighbours." He became well acquainted with the local Indians and their customs, habits, and lore.



Saskatchewan Archives Board

Fort Pelly, which replaced Fort Alexandria as the center of the Swan River District, was a typical trading post of its day.

BY AND large, however, Harmon had little in common with the Canadians, most of whom were illiterate and spoke only French, and whose "chat," he said, "is about Horses, Dogs, Canoes and Women and strong Men who can fight a good battle." Nor did he approve of their constant rum-drinking, a habit that led to frequent brawls and altercations at the fort.

Occasionally someone with a fiddle or other musical instrument would arrive, and the fort's population would hold an impromptu dance. One of Harmon's earliest journal entries notes his amazement that the half-blood women "danced full as well as those of the lower class in the Civilized World."

Others visited the fort from time to time. Harmon's July 9, 1801, entry records, "Cam here an American who when quite a Child was taken from his Parents (who then lived in the Illinois Country) by the Sauteux and with whom he has remained ever since and speaks no other language but theirs. He may now be about twenty years of age and is looked upon as a Chief, neither does he like that any one should speak to him about his Relations but he in every respect except his colour resembles the real Savages with whom he lives & and is said to be an excellent Hunter, and remains with an old Woman who soon after he was taken from his Friends adopted him for her son & he appears to be as fond of her and she of him as if she actually was his Mother."

Historians generally believe the young man to have been John Tanner, who later returned to civilization and told his story in *A Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of John Tanner,* a volume published in 1830.

At the time, the Nor'Westers customarily took Indian or half-blood women as common-law wives. Harmon's strict religious upbringing made him hesitate to follow the custom, but in October 1805 he yielded and took as his "country wife," Elizabeth Duval, the young daughter of a French Canadian and a Cree Indian woman. It proved to be a happy union that produced 14 children.

Half-blood women rarely left Indian territory. When their Nor'Wester husbands moved on or retired, it was generally considered best for all concerned that the woman remained behind, with some modest monetary provision. Harmon, however, had no intention of abandoning Elizabeth. When he was given a new assignment, he took her along and eventually married her. To her last days, Harmon's "North-West Wife" was said to be a handsome woman "and straight as an arrow."

On April 28, 1805, the North West Company abandoned Fort Alexandria. Harmon moved on to a new posting near the Rocky Mountains. Two years later the Hudson's Bay Company reopened the post under the name Fort Hibernia. It operated until 1821, when the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company amalgamated. Then, like many of the older posts, it was permanently abandoned and trade shifted to Fort Pelly, the new center of the Swan River District. Eventually even that would close down as settlement came to the area and the fur trade came to an end.

Daniel Harmon spent eight-and-one-half years in posts west of the Rockies. In 1819 he returned to Vermont with his family for the winter, but fur trading was in his blood. Soon he left his wife and children in Vermont and returned to the wilderness, where he managed a post at Rainy Lake. After the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company consolidated, Harmon received a commission with the new association. Why he retired only months later is unknown.

Indeed, little is known about his later life, other than he spent the next twenty years in Coventry, Vermont, then moved back to Canada where he rented a small farm at Sault Au Recollet. In April 1843 the entire family contracted smallpox. Four of them died, including Daniel. He was sixty-five.

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The Hashknife Cowboys

The Snowflake Saints

In the summer of 1885, 400 train cars unloaded Texas cattle on the high desert range near Winslow, Arizona. Belonging to the newly organized Aztec Land and Cattle Company, the stock soon numbered 33,000 cattle and 2,000 horses and spread over the open grasslands of northeastern Arizona. However, the Aztec, soon known as the Hashknife for its stock brand shaped like a chopping utensil, was about to collide with Mormon colonizers.

Civilization in northern Arizona consisted of a few Mormon settlements, a couple of railroad towns, and some isolated ranches. Fearful of the persecution their fathers and grandfathers had suffered in Illinois and Missouri, the Mormons liked their seclusion. Although they were friendly and polite to visitors, they preferred to keep to themselves, and they adhered to advice from their church leaders not to associate with Gentiles, as they called non-members. The Hashknife's arrival brought contention that lasted for years.

The Hashknife's owners, a group of eastern investors, purchased over a million acres of ranchland from the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad for fifty cents an acre. The A&P had received every other section of the land free from the government as an incentive to build a railroad. As the alternate sections were public land, Hashknife cattle actually ranged over more than two million acres—an area the size of Rhode Island and Delaware combined.

When the Mormons moved into the area in 1878 and 1879, they knew the government had offered the land to the railroad, but supposed the grants would lapse because there had been no sign of construction. They built the towns of Snowflake, Taylor, and Woodruff, plus outlying ranches, and used the year-round supply of water from Silver Creek to irrigate their farms.

I saw them coming and started on a run back toward my camp, which was more than a mile away....They galloped their horses on each side of me and took licks across my back with a doubled rope, and licks over my head, and a few hefty swipes on my rump. The whipping they gave me cut and stung.

Arizona historian Joseph Fish wrote that, in May 1880, when it was clear that a railroad would be built, "Jesse N. Smith, on the behalf of the settlers of Snowflake, applied to the railroad company for the railroad lands they occupied, and received the assurance that they, the settlers, should have the first right to their land, and the first refusal thereof, and that the price would not be raised on accounts of their improvements."

The settlers received blank applications from the railroad, which they filled out and returned, thinking their farms and homes were secure. Actually, the Mormons would have been wise to check land records more carefully when they reached the area. The land they chose had been withdrawn from entry, which prevented anyone from

applying for its ownership, four years before their arrival.

When the Mormons refused to vacate their land for the cattlemen, the Hashknife served a warning: "The Aztec Land & Cattle Co. Ltd. are the owners in fee simple of all the odd numbered or railroad sections of Townships 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19, in Ranges 9, 10 and 11, and pay taxes on the same in Yavapai County. All persons are forbidden to trespass upon said lands. All persons who have occupied and used any of said lands for their own benefit or to the damage of this company will be held accountable under the law."

Both the Hashknife and the Mormons sought a legal resolution, but while lawyers and land commissioners struggled to settle the case, some Hashknife cowboys took matters into their own hands. Most of the cowboys were honest, hard-working men, but some had left Texas one jump ahead of the Texas Rangers. Those renegades complicated affairs with their strong-arm tactics.

The settlers around Snowflake had constructed a fence several miles north of town to keep their cattle from wandering. Built from cedar brush, the fence had taken much time and hard work. When Hashknife cowboys burned parts of the fence, bad feelings escalated.

The Hashknife controlled the best springs and threatened anyone who trespassed. One cowboy in particular, John Payne (or Paine), seemed to delight in dealing out misery. Mormon sheepherder Joseph Harrison Pearce described his meeting with Payne.

> I was alone doing the herding, and had the sheep west of Taylor at Four Mile watering place giving them a drink. My guns were in camp, and I was afoot and unarmed. There was only two of them this time [Payne and another Hashknife cowboy named Wagner]....They spotted me out in the clear and saw that I was alone and unarmed, and with a whoop and a holler they rode down on me.
>
> I saw them coming and started on a run back toward my camp, which was more than a mile away....They galloped their horses on each side of me and took licks across my back with a doubled rope, and licks over my head, and a few hefty swipes on my rump. The whipping they gave me cut and stung. One of the swipes circled around my neck and caught my lip and swelled it and started it to bleeding.
>
> They whaled me until I stumbled and fell, and then they sat easy and laughing while I pulled myself to my feet.
>
> "That ought to learn you," said Johnny Payne.

In *Take Up Your Mission—Mormon Colonizing Along the Little Colorado*, author Charles S. Peterson writes of a settler whom Payne forced off his farm. According to the settler, "[Payne said] that he would scalp me, and that he would kill me if I offered to come upon said land, or

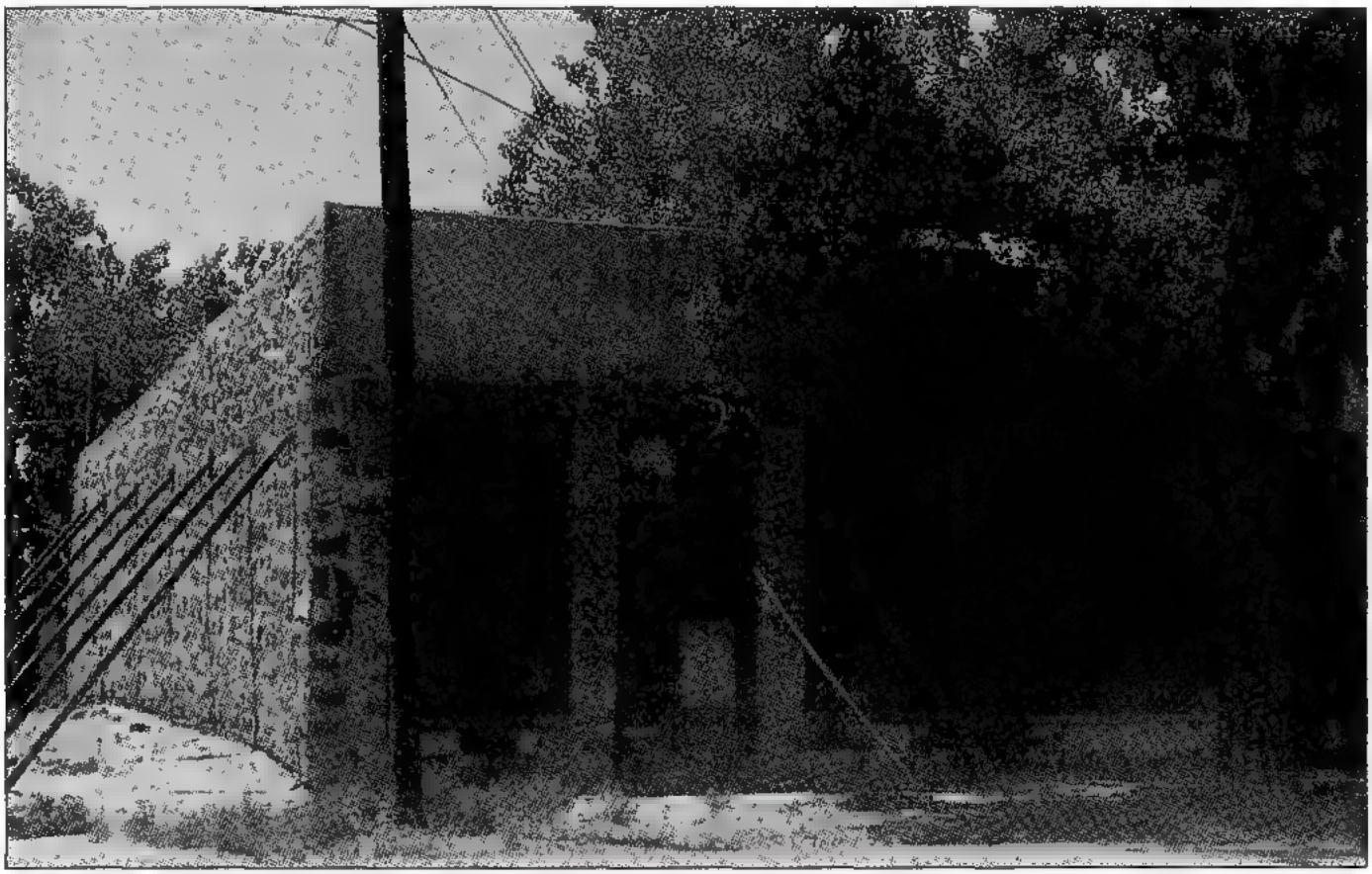
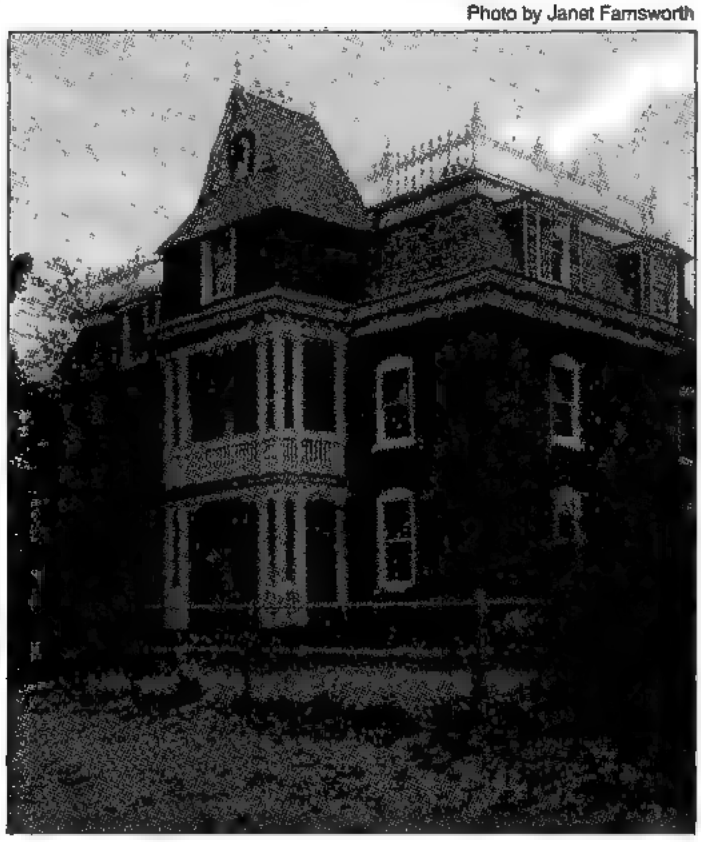


Photo by Janet Farnsworth

The Bucket of Blood saloon in Holbrook, Arizona. In its day it was a favorite spot for Hashknife cowboys.

Photo by Janet Farnsworth



Right: The home of Mormon rancher James M. Flake in Snowflake, Arizona. Flake negotiated to end tensions with the Hashknife ranch.

even if I should touch a thing upon said premises, and also said he would kill me if I attempted to take the improvements....I had not harvested my potatoes, and he said he would kill me if I undertook to dig them....I am a poor man and this was my home."

After Payne snake-whipped another Mormon, Neils Petersen, the Mormons rebelled. Petersen and Pearce went to Stake President Jesse N. Smith for help. In the early days of Mormonism, a stake president was a governor, judge, and sheriff combined.

According to Mormon diaries, Petersen and Pearce begged Smith for permission to kill Payne. Smith counseled against violence, but Petersen and Pearce continued to press for permission to assassinate Payne. Finally, Smith told them if they would wait a little longer, God would take care of matters. When Payne died a few months later in a gunfight in the Tonto Basin, the Mormons gave the Lord the credit.

Most historians agree that Hashknife owners did not order their men to harass the Mormons, and Payne was the exception rather than the rule. Glen Flake, former Navajo County sheriff and the great-grandson of William J. Flake, one of the early Mormon settlers in Snowflake, said, "I remember my Dad telling stories about the Hashknife, stories that he had heard from his grandfather. It seems Grandfather felt the owners and managers were pretty fair men, but they couldn't control their men. The cowboys took it on themselves to whip Mormons and burn the fences."

When rustlers began stealing both Mormon and Hashknife livestock, an uneasy truce developed between the Saints and the cowboys. The Mormons appealed to Apache County Sheriff J.L. Hubbell for help, but he was adamantly anti-Mormon and made little effort to stop the rustling. To solve the problem, the Mormons formed a solid voting block and joined with the Hashknife to elect Commodore Perry Owens, a soft-spoken man with a deadly gun, as sheriff.

Trouble eased when, after nearly four years of legal battles, the Mormons and Hashknife owners reached an agreement. Brigham Young, Jr., and Stake President Smith traveled to New York City, and on April 2, 1889, they agreed to pay $4.50 per acre for seven sections of land in Snowflake and Taylor, and eight dollars per acre for a section at Woodruff. The Mormon Church supplied most of the money and the settlers paid what they could.

The two factions began doing business together. Mormon stores welcomed the Hashknife cowboys and their money, and the two sides traded farm goods and cattle and made business deals.

However, that goodwill created another problem for the Saints. Not all of the Hashknife cowboys were wild, uncouth outlaws; most of them were young, single boys who were bored, homesick, and hungry for a social life. The Mormons loved dancing and used weddings, birthdays, or holidays as excuses for parties that lasted most of the night. Soon the Hashknife cowboys started taking baths and putting on their best shirts to attend those parties.

Northern Arizona had few young women at the time, and most of them were Mormon. Because the church strictly prohibited marriage outside the faith, the young Hashknife cowboys held an aura of

forbidden danger for the girls. Many a young couple danced under the icy glare of a Mormon father. Some of them even married, though usually the young man joined the Mormon Church first. However, a few managed to successfully combine Saint and Gentile into a happy marriage.

A severe drought, which began in 1896 and made grass scarce, strained the truce between the Mormons and the cattlemen. Mormon settler David E. Adams, quoted in James H. McClintock's *Mormon Settlements in Arizona*, said,

> When we came to Arizona in 1876, the hills and plains were covered with high grass and the country was not cut up with ravines and gullies as it is now. This has been brought about through over-stocking the ranges. On the Little Colorado we could cut hay for miles and miles in every direction. The Aztec Cattle Company brought tens of thousands of cattle into the country, claimed every other section, overstocked the range and fed out all the grass. Then the water, not being held back, followed the cattle trails and cut the country up.

Of course, not all the land was originally covered with high grass, but several summers of little rain left the Hashknife's grasslands almost bare. Then, for ten weeks straight in the winter of 1898–99, two feet of snow covered the ground. Thousands of cattle died, along with the hopes of the Hashknife owners.

The Mormons, with their farms along Silver Creek, had water and feed and could outlast the drought that persisted until 1904. The Hashknife couldn't survive both bad weather and low cattle prices. In 1900, owners started selling off their cattle and by 1901 most of the Hashknife cowboys and their cattle herds were gone.

The Aztec Land and Cattle Company survived, though. The company no longer runs cattle under the Hashknife brand, but it still owns a quarter million acres in Arizona. It leases much of the land to various local ranchers, many descendants of the original Mormon settlers. The Mormon settlements remain, producing livestock and farm and timber products.

After a century, the memory of the animosity between the cowboys and Mormons still lingers. While both sides probably helped aggravate the situation, both were also important to the development of northern Arizona.

Hashknife memorabilia is on display at the Old Trails Museum in Winslow, Arizona, and at the Navajo County Museum at 100 East Arizona Street, Holbrook, Arizona. For more information about the Old Trails Museum, call (602) 289-5861. Mormon history and walking tours of old Mormon homes are presented at the Stinson Museum in Snowflake, Arizona. (602) 536-7103.

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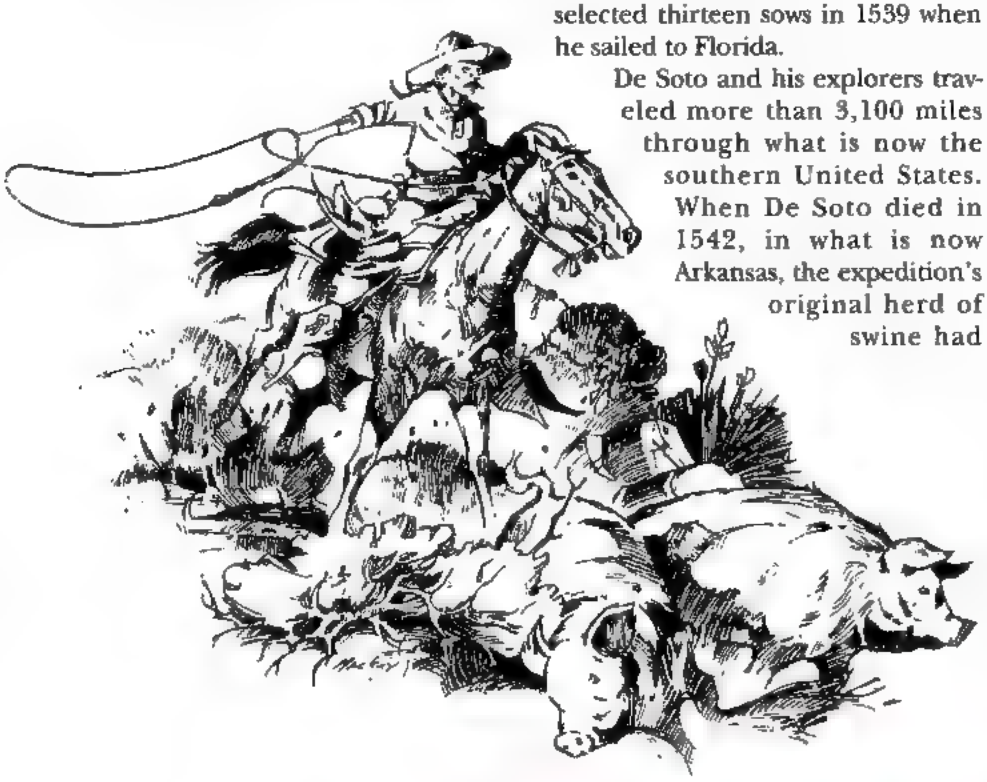
PORK and the Bible

BY CHARLES W. SASSER

Longhorn cattle, wild mustangs, mules, dogs, sheep, and even camels played legendary roles in the taming of the American West. Yet the conquering of the frontier may have taken decades longer but for one common beast that history has overlooked.

As Americans pushed west, the common swine, the lowly hog, went with them. Pork was the dietary mainstay for generations of pioneers, settlers, cowboys, soldiers, farmers, freighters, merchants, and sometimes even Indians. It often fed them when nothing else would. Americans settled a continent with their stomachs full of pork.



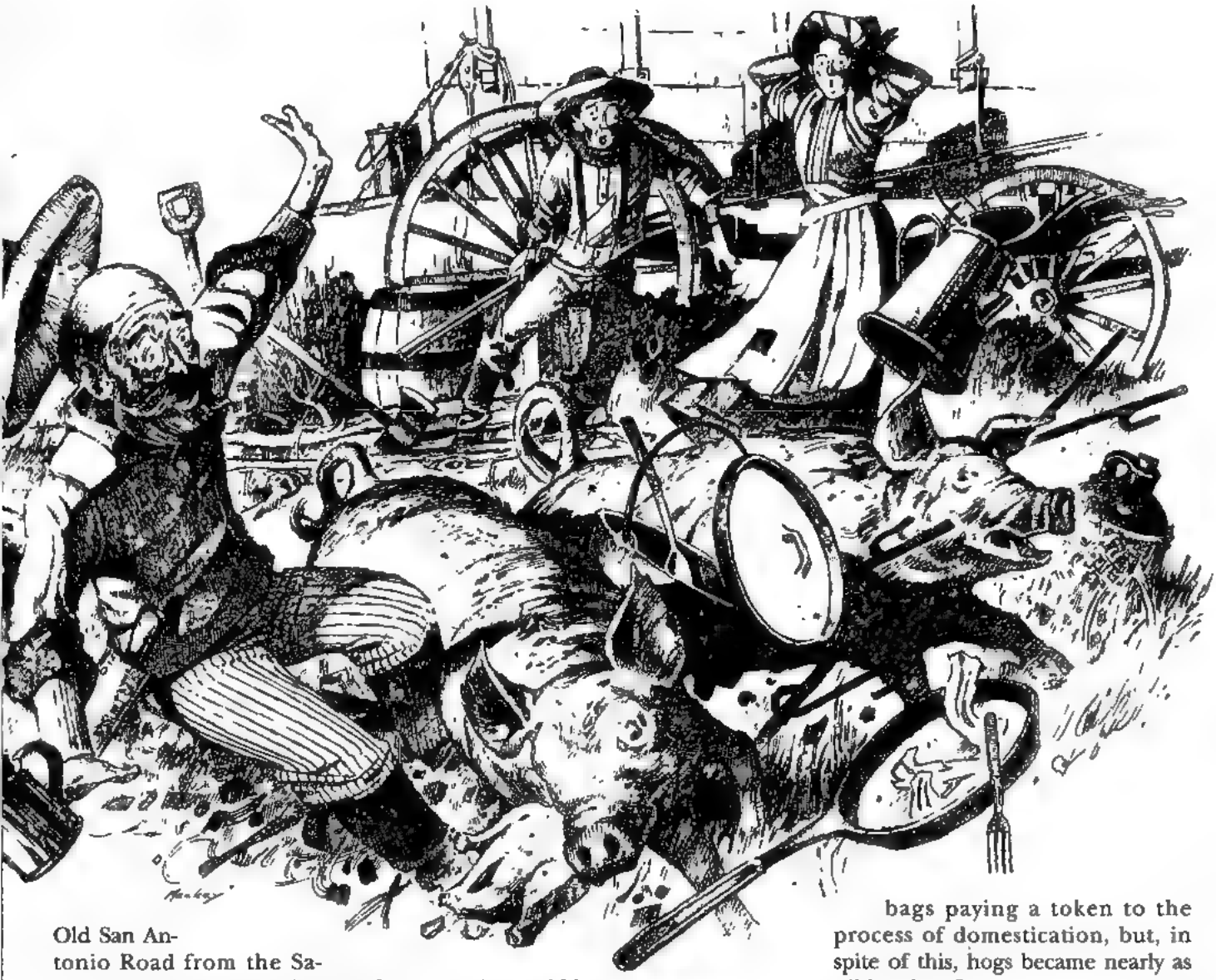
"A sow nursing piglets is prized," a pioneer wrote home in the early 1800s, "for pork is the family's staple meat, along with wild game."

Although not indigenous to North America, hogs became important early in American history. Christopher Columbus's sailors subsisted on hardtack, pickled pork and beef, and wine on their historic voyage in 1492. On his second voyage, in 1493, Columbus introduced swine to the New World by bringing with him eight head. Hogs, which reproduce quickly, were expected to be an important source of food and lard. From that original population, explorer Hernando De Soto selected thirteen sows in 1539 when he sailed to Florida.

De Soto and his explorers traveled more than 3,100 miles through what is now the southern United States. When De Soto died in 1542, in what is now Arkansas, the expedition's original herd of swine had grown to 700 head. How many hogs got lost, traded to or stolen by Indians is unknown, but in 1806 the Peter Custis and Thomas Freeman expedition to explore the Red River in the Louisiana Purchase discovered some Indians raising hogs for food.

In 1685, the French explorer La Salle attempted to colonize Matagorda Bay in Texas. He brought with him cattle, fowl, and swine. By 1687, however, Indian threats and discontent among ezpediton members had made the situation at La Salle's fort, and the explorer's own men murdered him. They, in turn, died of smallpox and Indian attacks. When Spanish explorers located the colony a few years later, a priest named Massanet reported finding many "dead pigs at the destroyed fort." Some of the original swine likely escaped and became wild in the thickets of the Gulf Coast. Nearly a century later, in 1768, the Spaniard De Solis noted that the Karankawa Indians, whose ancestors had burned La Salle's fort, "live on horses, mules, bison, bears, wild boars, rabbits and hares, unlike the Plains Indians who tabooed fish and fowl and particularly hogs for spiritual reasons."

Through reproduction, escape, and Indian trade and theft, swine quickly populated the southeastern and eastern United States and moved westward. An 1810 census of San Antonio lists fourteen ranches in operation, with a total of eighty-five hogs. On an excursion along the



Old San Antonio Road from the Sabine River to Nacogdoches in 1819, Mexican Colonel Ignacio Perez observed "good crops of cotton, corn, pumpkins, potatoes and other vegetables and the troops fed on the many pigs and chickens they found." By 1834, the Nacogdoches settlement recorded 60,000 hogs.

Settlers always took two things with them when they moved west—pork and the Bible. Pork was to the pioneer's stomach what the Good Book was to his soul.

Most of the western settlers were poor but self-reliant. Swine was their most common livestock, and they generally allowed their hogs to run wild in the woods. In Texas, colonists' diets consisted mainly of salt pork, usually fried with corn bread, along with molasses and sweet potatoes. "Martin Varner," wrote Texas pioneer Noah Smithwick in 1830, "had a lot of wild hogs running in the bottoms and when he wanted pork he went out and shot one."

Many more hogs turned wild during the Texas Revolution of 1836. Mexican General Antonio López de Santa Anna's march through Texas sent colonists fleeing from their homes. Smithwick, then a volunteer Texas soldier, remembered finding "houses open, beds unmade, cribs full of corn, smoke houses full of bacon, chickens, cattle eating the grass and hogs fat and lazy wallowing in the mud all abandoned."

Two years later, settler Sherod Wright noted how he and his neighbors had hogs "scattered over the uplands and in winter [the hogs] went to the bottoms to forage on nuts. When we saddled up to ride we'd put some corn in our saddlebags paying a token to the process of domestication, but, in spite of this, hogs became nearly as wild as deer."

Of all domesticated animals, none is more inclined than the hog to return to the wild. It adapts to virtually all conditions—from the swamplands of Florida to the deserts of Texas and the mountains of California. Omnivorous, it eats almost anything it can find or kill—roots, tubers, grasses, fruits, bird eggs, rodents, frogs, salamanders, fawns, and even rattlesnakes.

Wild boars in certain parts of the West became second only to grizzly bears in danger to man. They could grow to almost nine feet long, four feet high at the shoulders, and weigh close to 700 pounds. Their tusks—formidable weapons—grew up to six inches long. By the mid-1800s wild hogs were so plentiful in Texas that cowboys roped them for sport.

Frederick Law Olmstead traveled through Texas in 1854 and wrote that hogs were "one of the greatest sources of profit...which increase with remarkable rapidity." In Texas as elsewhere in the West, common table fare consisted of "rancid bacon, bitter coffee and the ubiquitous Texas cornbread."

However, Olmstead also discovered a dark side to the far-ranging swine. "We were annoyed by hogs beyond all descriptions," he wrote. "At almost every camp we were surrounded by them;...they seemed perfectly frantic with hunger. They ran directly through the fire and even carried off a chicken...that was dressed and pitted. While the horses were feeding, it required the constant attendance of two of us to keep them at bay; and even then they secured more than half the corn. Fanny [Olmstead's horse] was so shocked and disturbed as to refuse all food. For some minutes the fiercest of them would resist even a clubbing, eating and squealing on through the blows. These animals proved, indeed throughout Texas a disgusting annoyance, though after procuring an excellent dog a day or two after we were rid of the worst of it."

We were annoyed by hogs beyond all descriptions. At almost every camp we were surrounded by them;...they seemed perfectly frantic with hunger. They ran directly through the fire and even carried off a chicken...that was dressed and pitted.

Pork was also the main diet of prairie schooner pioneers on their long journeys across the plains, deserts, and mountains. Bacon and biscuits provided their daily meals, while strong coffee disguised the taste of bitter, alkali water.

Prairie schooners had ten-foot-by-four-foot boxes into which pioneer families crammed "an oversupply of bacon, flour and beans," as pioneer A.J. McCall said. Thick slabs of smoked bacon stored in a barrel of bran usually kept as long as they were protected from the direct heat of the plains. However, the plains were dotted with the graves of those who failed to properly prepare for their journey.

Alonzo Delano noted how his family faced disaster with the loss of most of their foodstuffs. "We had been imposed upon in St. Louis in the purchase of bacon. [Two days out] it began to exhibit

more signs of life than we had bargained for, having a tendency to walk in insect form."

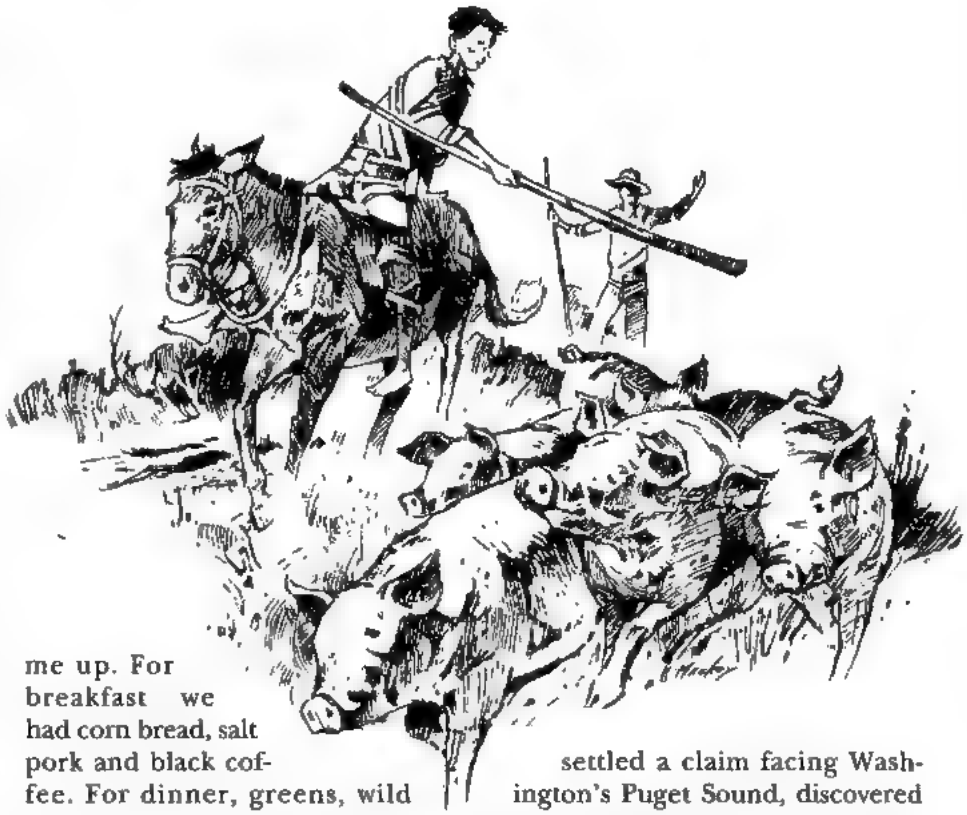
The pork market grew so that Cincinnati, Ohio, at the edge of the frontier, opened a pork packing plant in 1818. By 1838, demands of the western migration had given the city the title "Porkopolis." Some 182,000 hogs were butchered and packed in brine for shipment each day, the packers using, as a saying of the time went, "everything but the squeal."

On the westward trek, women and younger children often rode while the men and older children plodded alongside the wagons or followed in the rear. Sometimes, cattle and an extra horse accompanied the wagon trains; children occasionally chased chickens and pigs along the trail to their new home in the West. They moved only as fast as the slowest person or animal walking. At night, the families camped and fried bacon and cooked biscuits over an open fire.

Stories of riches in the West enticed increasing numbers of adventurous Americans to pack their pork barrels and head for the setting sun. Because hogs were considered a sign of plenty, they were frequently included in those stories.

For example, rumor held that the rich Willamette Valley in Oregon was a "pioneer's paradise," where, as one settler said "the pigs are running about under the great acorn trees, round and fat, and already cooked, with knives and forks sticking in them so that you can cut off a slice whenever you are hungry."

The pioneer's daily life was hard and monotonous. Poor food, bad cooking, improper sanitation, and hard work all produced much sickness. School teacher Mollie Sanford, who boarded with a family in Nebraska, described daily life. "Their manner of living is so different from ours that it just about used me up. For breakfast we had corn bread, salt pork and black coffee. For dinner, greens, wild ones at that, boiled pork and cold corn bread washed down with 'beverage.' The 'beverage' was put upon the table in a wooden pail and dished out in tin cups. When asked if I would have some of the aforesaid, I said, 'Yes,' thinking it perhaps was cider, but found out it was vinegar and brown sugar and warm creek water."



Hogs provided not only meat for the western settlers but also grease for cooking and fat for lye soap, candles, and sometimes even lamp fuel. Surplus hogs were marketed as hams or salt pork, some being driven back to the eastern market. Settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon exported smoked hams to Russians in Alaska.

Settlers also widely used pigs in bartering. Lindsay Applegate of Salem, Oregon, who built boats for other settlers in 1843, received his pay mostly in pork and beans.

"Paradise" did not always look like paradise. While bacon and hams, along with luggage and Stetsons, hung from the rafters of nearly every general store in the West, horses, chickens, and hogs ran free in the average pioneer town, their droppings forming pungent, fly-dotted cesspools in the streets. Holden and Phoebe Judson, who settled a claim facing Washington's Puget Sound, discovered the land produced scrubby crops and that cougars kept stealing their pigs.

During the cattle industry's heyday of the 1870s and 1880s, beef failed to replace pork as the Westerners' dietary mainstay. After a grueling day on a cattle drive, drovers settled around their chuck wagons for suppers not of beefsteak but of bacon, flapjacks, beans, and coffee. Pork was cheap, plentiful, easily kept, and it continued to appeal to people in the Old West.

Plains Indians, who did not regularly include pork in their diets until well after the western migration ended, may have admired hogs, especially wild boars, for something other than their culinary appeal. War chiefs commonly assumed the names of brave animals—eagles, bears, and wildcats—whose traits they hoped to acquire. One leader of the northern Cheyennes in their 1879 flight to return to their homeland was named Wild Hog.

Until nearly the twentieth century, America's history was one of expansion. However, without a ready supply of cheap and plentiful meat, which the hardy swine provided, pioneers may have had to slow their westward march.

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The Wild And Wicket WEST

By Tom Melville

One of the lesser known facts about Owen Wister, whose summers in Wyoming during the 1890s would become the inspiration for his book *The Virginian*, the granddaddy of all westerns, was that this upper-class Philadelphia lawyer had been an avid cricket player during his New Hampshire prep school days as well as the manager of Harvard's cricket team during his college days in Boston.

Wister, of course, never mentions cricket in his classic of western life, and it's doubtful he ever associated England's venerable national pastime, long viewed as the epitome of genteel, Old-World sophistication,

with the rough and tumble of the untamed American West.

But in one of those rare instances of fact being stranger than fiction, cricket had actually found a home in some of the remotest corners of the West long before Wister would visit the area; from the gold rush towns of California, to the Mormon settlements of the Great Basin; from the frontier schools of Nevada to the boom towns of South Dakota.

Nor should it be particularly surprising to find this "gentleman's game" on the farthest edges of the American frontier, given its early history in America.

Though nearly nonexistent on the American sports scene today, cricket was one of the country's leading team sports before the Civil War—a testimony to England's continued influence upon American customs and fashions, which, at that time, included a growing interest in organized sports.

With its popularity further boosted by the inauguration, in 1853, of an annual United States vs. Canada cricket match, and, six years later, by a visit from England's national team, cricket was even being heralded as America's future national pastime by some of the leading sports journals of the period.

HISTORY, OF COURSE, would prove these prognostications false, but at that time the game enjoyed so much prestige that it influenced sporting decisions as far west as California, where the game seems to have been first promoted by the prominent New York cricketer Harry Groom soon after he had migrated to the San Francisco area in the mid 1850s. Finding a large community of expatriot Englishmen and Australians in the area seeking, like himself, a path to quick riches, this veteran of several United States-Canada cricket matches had no difficulty attracting willing participants to the game. In fact, by 1859 the Bay area had at least three active cricket clubs, the San Francisco, Pioneer, and Union organizations.

From there the game was soon moving up the Sacramento Valley to the little gold mining town of Grass Valley. There, in 1861, J.M. Days seems to have thought that a "friendly" match between the town's local settlers and resident Englishmen would be a welcome respite from the monotony of mining town life.

The competition, however, didn't turn out exactly as Days hoped. Not only did the inexperienced Americans, fielding, as the local press reported, "like a swarm of bees," hold their more experienced English opponents to a highly creditable draw, but the supposedly "friendly" get-together quickly degenerated to heated partisanship and rampant gambling.

Even the Salt Lake City cricket club had to use a little imagination to find opponents, as it did in 1879 by challenging the cavalrymen at nearby Fort Douglas to a match. The result—an easy win for the soldiers—must have been totally unexpected. The rivalry also highlighted another occupational hazard of frontier cricket—Indians. In 1881 the Fort Douglas cavalrymen had to cancel on short notice their scheduled match with the Salt Lake Club in order to pursue Indians.

Days later wrote an apology to the local paper. Such behavior was, after all, "not cricket" to the refined, articulate Englishman—perhaps the earliest admission, however reluctant, that if cricket were going to find a place in the American West, it would have to be played as wild and open as the West itself.

Mormon converts from England were more tolerant of the less-than-ideal conditions for their cricket. They brought their game to the new lives they were making for themselves along the parched and empty lands of the Great Salt Lake Basin in the 1850s and '60s. Still the settlers of the little Cache Valley town of Wellsville must have been vexed in 1865, when a dense cloud of locusts, the bane of every Great Basin summer, descended upon the town's cricket field right in the middle of a match.

Even in more urbanized areas of the territory like Salt Lake City, settlers found they would have to get used to playing their cricket on dry and dusty grounds chilled by spring freezes or baked by summer heat waves. Yet play cricket those early Utah settlers did, whatever the obstacles, determined to make their sport a rallying point for community vitality in an otherwise barren social landscape.

"WHERE ARE all the energetic young men of this city?" the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph*, in a declaration of war against the city's social lethargy, asked in 1869. "Can they not organize a baseball or cricket club?...Let us become more social, and when we have spare time, instead of moping around home, let us go to our clubs and organize matches." Doing that in frontier Utah, however, required ingenuity. The cricket team from the little Summit County town of Coalville, for instance, had to endure an all-day, bone-shaking wagon ride to get to its appointed match with the cricket team in nearby Sandy in 1875.

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The English and American immigrants who played cricket in territorial Utah did so in the abiding belief that their game would become a permanent part of their commu-

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nity's social life. That apparently was not the case among the English immigrants who came to Northwest Iowa in the early 1880s. Most were upper-class, university-educated young men recruited to the area by Cambridge graduate William Close. He planned to set up those well-to-do, but jobless, sons of the British upper class as farmers and livestock breeders.

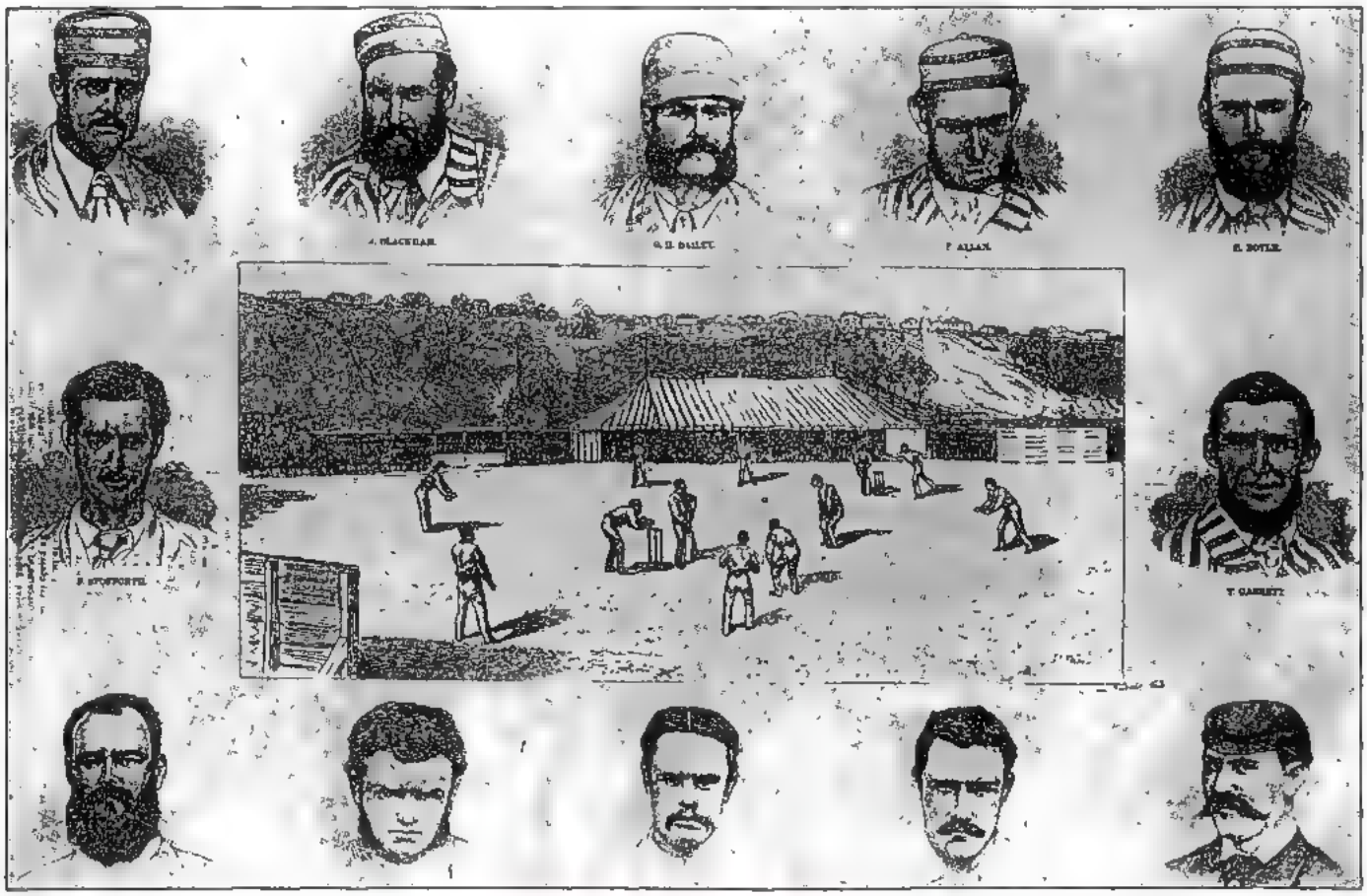
For Close's Englishmen, cricket would not be a vehicle for social integration into frontier life, but a bastion of old-world customs. Members could relive their schoolday cricket heroics and toast the Queen during post-match dinners as compensation for the alienation and isolation of the Iowa prairie. To that end, they were persistent and wide-ranging. The teams in the small Iowa communities of Le Mars and Sibley thought nothing of traveling as far as Minneapolis-St. Paul for their matches. Other immigrants, moving on to the more westerly lands opened up by Close, carried their cricket to such places as Omaha; Pipestone, Minnesota; and even up the Sioux River valley to the little South Dakota boom towns of Clark, Watertown, and Waverly. By 1884, the Omaha cricket club was even supporting itself nicely by renting its ground to the local baseball club.

The teams in the small Iowa communities of Le Mars and Sibley thought nothing of traveling as far as Minneapolis-St. Paul for their matches. Other immigrants, moving on to the more westerly lands opened up by Close, carried their cricket to such places as Omaha; Pipestone, Minnesota; and even up the Sioux River valley to the little South Dakota boom towns of Clark, Watertown, and Waverly.

In most of those locations, however, cricket lasted only as long as the "gentlemen on the prairie" did, which wasn't much beyond 1890. By then, most of Close's English recruits realized that they would never call the Great Plains home and had either returned to England or moved on to other areas of the country.

Whether it was in the small towns of California, Utah, or the Great Plains, cricket was generally played with no other purpose than bringing isolated people together for a good time.

For the movers and shakers of the West's largest city, St. Louis, on the other hand, the game not only briefly became a symbol of intense civic prestige but was also heralded as proof of the West's increasing importance in relation to



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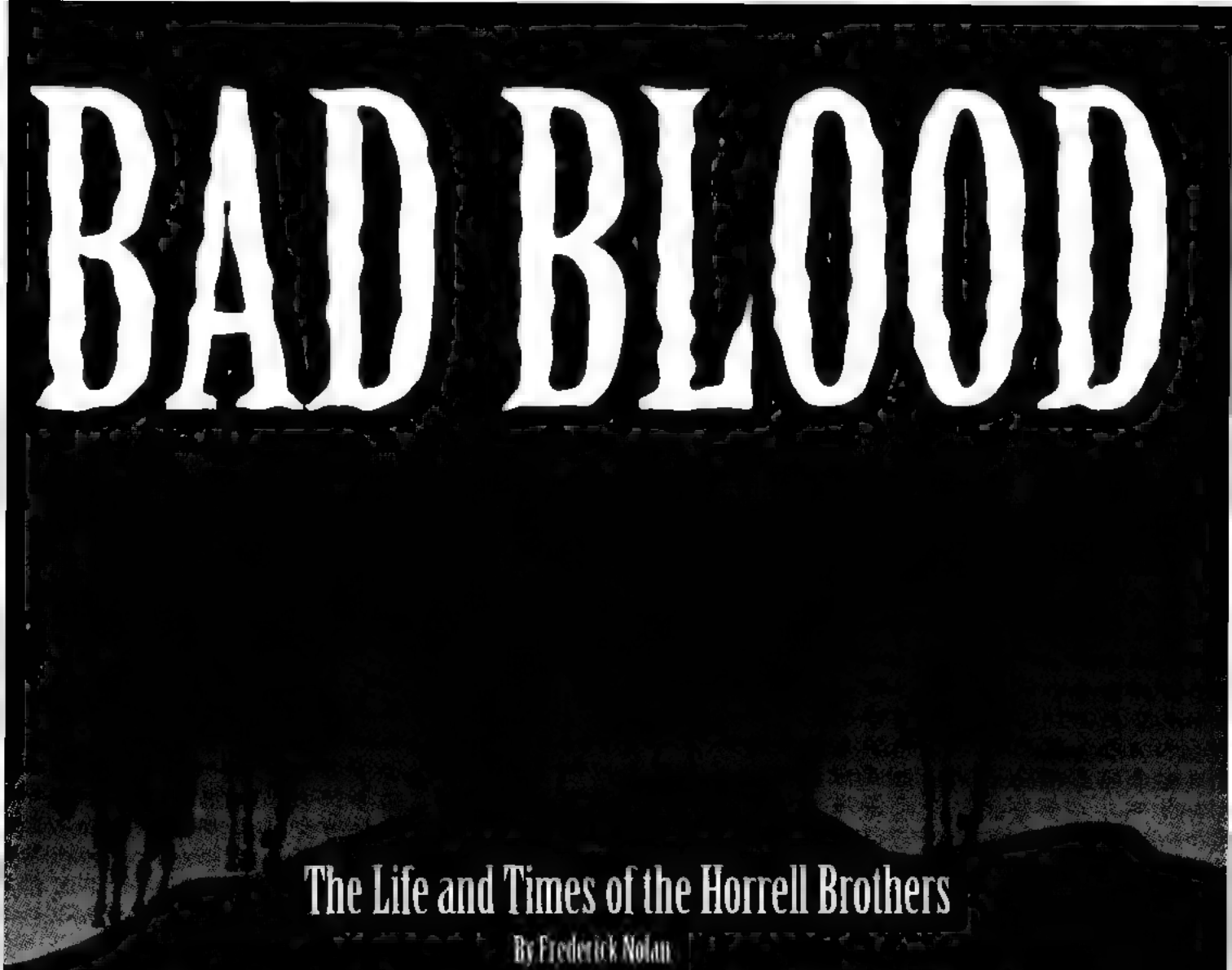
A *Harper's Weekly* engraving of the Australian cricket team in the United States in 1878

BAD BLOOD



The Life and Times of the Horrell Brothers

By Frederick Nolan

With deeds of valor and vengeance woven into their story, their names into the history books of the Southwest. As Texas seethed under Reconstruction rule in the 1870s, the Horrell brothers of Lampasas gained a reputation as troublemakers, finally shooting their way out of a gun battle that left three state police officers dead and a fourth mortally wounded.

The family fled to Lincoln County, New Mexico, where they became embroiled in a deadly dispute with Lawrence G. Murphy, William Realy, and the local Higgins population. After returning to Lampasas, they returned to the cattle business and lived peacefully for a time. Then they locked horns with Pink Higgins, a local rounder and a bad man to tangle with. The resulting Higgins-Horrell vendetta was among Texas' deadliest and most famous family feuds.

When the last of the Horrell brothers died in 1936, the full story of his family's extraordinary life and times was buried with him. Frederick Nolan, a best-selling author and acknowledged authority on the American Southwest, tells it here for the first time.

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the rest of the country. In 1873, the city's two local cricket clubs were looking for new lands to conquer. They pooled their talent and boldly undertook an unprecedented 2,500-mile national tour to all the major cricket-playing cities of Canada and the eastern United States. Though little more than a hastily organized collection of local novices and "rusty Englishmen," the St. Louis cricketers barnstormed across the country late that summer, beating just about everyone in sight, including the best clubs from Chicago, Detroit, Boston, and New York.

At a time when many Americans considered St. Louis a mere jumping-off place to a vast, uncivilized geographic expanse, fit only for Indians, prospectors, and rootless fortune seekers, the Gateway to the West proudly touted its cricket success. Missouri's Lieutenant Gover-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1856.
L.H.SEITZ.DEL.
GREAT CRICKET MATCH AT HOBOKEN,
BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, SEPT. 9 AND 10, 1856. WON BY THE UNITE

San Franciscan Harry Groom played in this 1856 match between the United States and Canada at Hoboken, New Jersey. The Unite

nor C.L. Johnson, himself an ex-cricketer, cited the team's record as undeniable proof "that no other city is as cosmopolitan as St. Louis." Johnson declared the rest of the country would finally be forced to change its view of trans-Mississippi America.

California State University, San Bernardino, Library

States team won.

If St. Louis believed its success had won the Eastern Establishment's respect, it was in for a big disappointment. The New York cricket clubs that had promised to visit St. Louis for return matches never came, and when Philadelphia clubs organized a national cricket tournament in 1875, they didn't even extend an invitation to their western brethren.

In the fall of 1878 the San Francisco team persuaded Australia's national cricket team to stop a few days and play a match on its way home from England. The Australians were objects of intense curiosity during their stay—as they also would be in 1882, when their six-foot eight-inch big-hitter, George Bonner, overheard one tall, strapping Californian confess, "I thought I was some, but he's somer."

In 1881, representatives from the trans-Mississippi clubs of St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, and Springfield, Missouri, defiantly declared their sporting independence from the East, joining the clubs in Chicago, Detroit, and Milwaukee to form their own Western Cricket Association. But distances between the clubs' cities were too great, and the association fell apart after only a couple of years.

If western cricket could get no respect from the rest of the country's cricket fraternity, it did get the attention of the cricket world at large, at least for a few years. The trans-continental railroad, completed in 1869, was a convenient, and often-used route for English and Australian cricket teams to reach each other.

The San Francisco cricketers were the first to take advantage of the traveling teams' route. In the fall of 1878 they persuaded Australia's national cricket team, to stop a few days and play a match on its way home from England. The Australians were objects of intense curiosity during their stay—as they also would be in 1882, when their six-foot eight-inch big-hitter, George Bonner, overheard one tall, strapping Californian confess, "I thought I was some, but he's somer." The Aussies beat their hosts on that occasion, 322 to 168—almost as badly as Alfred Shaw's team of English professionals did three years later, during a stopover on their way to Australia. The score of that game was ninety-eight to forty-four.

To improve their chances against the English, the San Francisco cricketers pressed into service a pitcher from the local baseball club, a scheme that seemed to work until the English batters figured him out and began to bat him to all corners of the field. Shaw recalled that one local fan, in a gesture of frustrated over-expectation typical of the West at that time, finally admitted that perhaps the Brits did know more about this game than Californians did!

"It was almost worth the visit to San Francisco," Shaw said "to hear the latter confession from a Yankee's lips."

But even foreign cricket teams eventually stopped coming West, or at least stopped coming to play. By the time the frontier was officially declared closed in 1890, western cricket, too, had almost completely vanished. The early frontier clubs in Utah and California were gone, replaced by such sophisticated urban clubs as one in San Francisco organized by foreign diplomats and orange growers or one in Minneapolis patronized by such symbols of corporate life as Charles A. Pillsbury. Like American cricket clubs everywhere else, those organizations gave way by the turn of the century to America's growing preference for golf, tennis, and bicycling.

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Letters from an Outlaw

Cole Younger Writes to Lizzie Daniel, by William A. Settle; edited by Marley Brant. (James-Younger Gang, PO Box 78, Liberty, Missouri 64068. $5.50 paper bound.)

When the James-Younger Gang formed in 1993, members wanted to promote research on Missouri outlaws Jesse and Frank James and the Younger brothers. The Gang's first publication, *Cole Younger Writes to Lizzie Daniel*, is an admirable success. The book is the final essay of the late William Settle, author of *Jesse James Was His Name*. Younger historian and researcher Marley Brant's editing makes the book even more worthwhile.

The essay focuses on the relationship between Cole Younger, a Confederate guerrilla who turned outlaw after the Civil War, and Lizzie Brown Daniel, a friend and possible sweetheart from Cole's youth. Lizzie, born Elizabeth Gillenwaters Brown on October 25, 1847, was raised in Harrisonville, Missouri. Her family's hospitality was notable, and their home escaped the torch when Union General Thomas Ewing ordered the evacuation of Cass, Bates, and Jackson counties in 1863, hoping to eradicate guerrilla sympathizers.

In 1901 Cole wrote a series of letters to Lizzie while he and his brother Jim awaited pardon from the Minnesota penitentiary where they had been imprisoned since 1876 after the failed Northfield, Minnesota, bank robbery. The letters provide insight into Cole's youth, Civil War service, and outlaw career. The essay also shows conditions in western Missouri during the antebellum and Civil War years. Lizzie emerges as a strong, decent woman whose loyalty to her friends is commendable and whose person-

BOOKNOTES

A Sense of Mission: Historic Churches of the Southwest, by David A. Wakely and Thomas A. Drain. (Chronicle Books, 275 Fifth Street, San Francisco, California 94103. $35.00 cloth bound, $18.95 paper bound.)

Examines twenty-seven Catholic missions in the American Southwest. With 150 photographs by architectural and travel photographer Wakely and text by San Francisco architect Drain, this book emphasizes church building styles. Aficionados of early Catholic missionary work will find it interesting. A useful guide for anyone touring missions in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, or California.

First Artist of the West: George Catlin Paintings and Watercolors from the Collection of the Thomas Gilcrease Museum, by Joan Carpenter Troccoli. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. $29.95 paper bound.)

Reproductions of many of Catlin's paintings now housed in the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Includes a biography of Catlin and detailed discussions of each painting.

The West of Wild Bill Hickok, by Joseph G. Rosa. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. $15.95 paper bound.)

A reprint of the 1982 volume presenting nearly all the known portraits of Hickok with photos of his family, friends, foes, and places he frequented. A companion to Rosa's biography *They Called Him Wild Bill*.

Remington and Russell: The Sid Richardson Collection, introduction by Brian W. Dippie. (University of Texas Press, PO Box 7819, Austin, Texas 78713-7819. $70.00 cloth bound; $34.95 paper bound.)

Color plates of Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell paintings in the Sid Richardson Collection of Western Art in Fort Worth, Texas. The book is revised from a 1982 edition, with seventy-nine illustrations and six paintings added. Features an introduction and commentaries by western historian Brian W. Dippie.

Ruidoso Country, by Frank Mangan. (Mangan Books, 6245 Snowheights Court, El Paso, Texas 79912. $39.95 cloth bound.)

An examination of New Mexico's Ruidoso country, covering such topics as Spanish conquistadors and the Lincoln County War. The volume includes some travel items as well as history.

Personal Civil War Letters of Lawrence Sullivan "Sul" Ross, transcribed and compiled by Perry Wayne Shelton. (W.M. Morrison Books, 15801 La Hacienda, Austin, Texas 78734. $29.50 cloth bound, limited edition.)

Although Ross is most closely associated with Texas, this book is not specifically about Texas history. Rather, it reveals through a collection of letters his Civil War service in Mississippi and Georgia.

West from Fort Bridger: The Pioneering of the Immigrant Trails Across Utah, 1846–1850, edited by J. Roderic Korns and Dale L. Morgan. (Utah State University Press, Logan, Utah 84322-7800. $29.95 cloth bound.)

Revised from the 1951 edition, this volume contains original diaries and journals from California-bound emigrants. Book contains large, fold-out maps of the emigrant trail.

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ality inspired the respect of people who knew her.

This essay is a must for collectors of Younger memorabilia, and readers interested in the Civil War or outlaws in general will find it most informative. This colorful and well-documented work offers something for everyone.—*Dave Johnson, Zionsville, Indiana.*

Desert Folklore

The Guadalupe Mountains: Island in the Desert, by W.C. Jameson. (Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Texas 79968-0633. $15.00 paper bound.)

The Guadalupe Mountains of Trans-Pecos Texas and southern New Mexico have been a shrine to Apaches, a mecca for treasure hunters, and for the last few decades, a destination for outdoor enthusiasts. While its documented history is sparse, its myriad folktales have fired imaginations for more than a century.

W.C. Jameson writes with love and respect for this range, now under the control of the National Park and National Forest services. He examines military explorations along the mountains' base, Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing's campaign against Mescalero Apaches in their fastness, their early settlers, the conflict between man and wildlife in the mountains, and the mountains' treasure tales.

In discussing three lost treasures, Jameson presents them purely as folktales. That approach is not without tradition; folklorists such as J. Frank Dobie, who once said he had a "constructive" memory, used it. As a result, Jameson presents his tales for entertainment—pure and simple fun—rather than as treatises in scholarship.

With thirty-one maps and photos and a bibliography of sources, Jameson's slim volume succeeds as a brief introduction to this unique range and is ideally suited for campsite reading in the Guadalupe high country.—*Patrick Dearen, Midland, Texas.*

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Answer Man

By CHUCK PARSONS

Killin' Jim

Genealogical searches often reveal desperate characters in a person's family, and Jeanne Welch, Ardmore, Oklahoma, believes she might be related to western gunman and assassin Jim Miller. She said "Killer Miller" might have been her great-grandfather's brother. I cannot determine Miller's relationship to the family, but Ms. Welch also wants to know more about Miller.

This man who killed for hire was born James Brown Miller on October 25, 1861, at Van Buren, Arkansas. He was one of nine children of Jacob and Cynthia Miller. The family moved to Robertson County, Texas, when he was a child, but when he was eight years old he was living with his grandparents. Miller's grandparents were both murdered, and historian Glenn Shirley wrote that Miller was arrested for the killings but not prosecuted. Historian Bill James wrote that no real evidence supported the accusation, but authorities suspected no one else.

Although Miller was at times a deputy sheriff, city marshal, Texas Ranger, gambler, livery stable owner, and cattleman, he is best known as a hired gun. On July 30, 1884, Miller's brother-in-law, John Coop, was murdered with a shotgun. Miller's favorite weapon was a shotgun, and he was arrested for the murder, convicted, and sentenced to life. Miller appealed, and the conviction was overturned.

In 1887, Emanuel C. Clements, a gunfighter and first cousin of John Wesley Hardin, hired Miller to protect stock. Clements was running for city marshal of Ballinger, Texas, and got into an argument with incumbent Joe Townsend, who killed Clements. Soon Townsend was ambushed with a shotgun; he survived but lost an arm. Possibly as a "reward" for defending the family's honor in attempting to kill Townsend, Miller was given Clements' daughter, Sallie, in marriage. They were married February 15, 1888.

Miller's best known victim was George A. "Bud" Frazer, one-time sheriff of Reeves County, Texas. After several attempts by the two men to kill each other, Miller finally succeeded and killed Frazer on

Author's Collection

A famous postcard showing the lynching of Jim Miller (far left) and three others for the murder of an Ada, Oklahoma, man in 1909.

September 14, 1896, in Toyah, Texas. Although indicted for the killing, Miller was acquitted on grounds of self-defense.

Miller was suspected of killing William Janes in 1898; Joe Earp, who may have been involved in the Janes slaying; and J.M. Standlee, the attorney who prosecuted him for the Janes slaying. Miller was suspected in other slayings, and in March 1904 he killed T.D. "Frank" Fore. He was indicted for the killing but acquitted for reason of self-defense.

On February 29, 1908, famed lawman Pat Garrett was slain from ambush in New Mexico. Although Wayne Brazel confessed to the shooting, many historians believe Miller actually killed Garrett. Brazel was found innocent, and it could be that Brazel confessed to allow Miller to escape justice.

On February 27, 1909, Allen A. "Gus" Bobbitt was shot at Ada, Oklahoma. Although mortally wounded he lived long enough to identify the trigger man as Miller.

Jesse West, Joe C. Allen, and Berry B. Burrell had been feuding with Bobbitt, and they hired Miller to kill him. Authorities arrested the four men, but during the night of April 19, 1909, a mob of some forty men took them from the jail and lynched them in an Ada livery stable. No one ever prosecuted the members of the mob, although their identities were undoubtedly known.

Before he died, Miller confessed to having killed fifty-one men. Historians such as Glenn Shirley, Bill C. James, and Bill O'Neal have been able to substantiate fewer than a dozen victims, but Dan L. Thrapp noted that, without a valid reason to suspect Miller of inflating the number, perhaps he did kill that many. Biographies of Miller include Glenn Shirley's *Shotgun for Hire: The Story of "Deacon" Jim Miller*, and Bill C. James' *Jim Miller: The Untold Story of a Texas Badman*.

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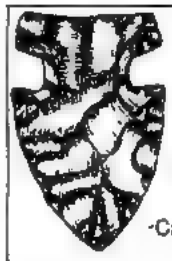
D.M. Thompson, Dunreith, Indiana, recently acquired a reward poster offering "$500 Reward, for



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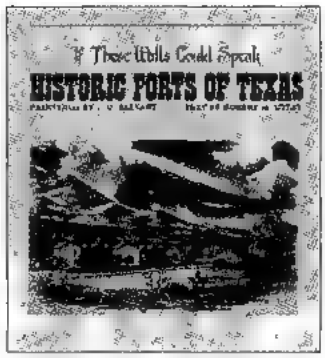

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the arrest and conviction of Jesse James, St. Louis Midland Railroad." It features a photograph of the young Jesse in his "guerrilla shirt." Mr. Thompson wants to know if the poster is authentic.

The poster is not authentic. First, it was not customary to have a picture of the fugitive on reward posters during Jesse's lifetime. Second, the photo of Jesse as a guerrilla, made during the Civil War, was in the hands of his family during his lifetime. Railroads, banks, and Pinkerton detectives did not have photos of Jesse until late in his career.

Indian Mounds

Stuart W. Hamilton, of Cushing, Texas, recalls a place called "Indian Mounds" near Quanah, Texas. He asks for more information about it.

The site near Quanah, Texas, in Hardeman County, is officially known as Medicine Mounds. The mounds are four unusual cone-shaped hills some 250 feet high. Comanches revered them as a place of powerful spirits. Supposedly those spirits could cure illness, assure productive hunts, and protect warriors in battle.

Medal Winner

The Indian Wars produced their share of Medal of Honor winners, and Vaughn M. Greene, San Bruno, California, wants to know about one recipient named John Green.

Green was born in Germany on November 20, 1825. When he arrived in the United States is unknown but he enlisted in the United States Army in 1846. He had risen to second lieutenant in the Second Cavalry by 1855, and he was commissioned a first lieutenant on March 3, 1861.

He served in the Union Army during the Civil War and was a captain at war's end. On June 9, 1868, he received a major's commission. He then served in Arizona during the Apache wars, determining the site of Camp Ord, which later became Fort Apache.

Although he was quick to threaten men with execution, or to slaughter peaceful Indians whom he suspected were hostile, Green earned the respect of his men. In 1872 Green was sent to the Lava Beds of northeastern California and southern Oregon as the army dealt with hostile Modoc Indians. On January 17, 1873, rather than remaining in safe quarters while ordering his men to advance, Green led his troops against Modocs who were well protected in the lava formations. His bravery earned him a Medal of Honor and a brevet to brigadier general.

Green later became a lieutenant colonel of the Second Cavalry. He retired in 1889.

Green died on November 22, 1908, in Idaho. I have not learned where in Germany he was born, or if "Green" was the original spelling of his name. More information about Green is in *Fort Apache Arizona Territory: 1870–1922*, by Lori Davisson, and *The Modocs and Their War*, by Keith A. Murray.

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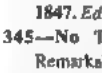

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Grizzly Wars

By JON C. PICCIUOLO

In 1865, the Civil War was coming to a close, but in California's Lompoc Valley, another war still raged. California's deadly grizzly bears were disputing ownership of the land with tough ranch hands and sheepmen.

Two years before, Colonel William W. Hollister and his partners purchased a 42,000-acre cattle rancho covering most of the beautiful river valley. They drove in enormous flocks of sheep to fatten on the abundant grass. Then, in 1864, a severe drought struck California. In Lompoc Valley, two of every three sheep died. Almost all the cattle died.

Grizzlies, which inhabited the low coastal mountains south of the valley, had long shared an uneasy coexistence with humans. Usually the dangerous animals kept to the rugged high ground, snatching stray steers whenever they could and generally avoiding men. But with most of the cattle dead, sheep became the bears' main prey. That brought grizzlies into frequent clashes with the ranchers.

During daylight, nervous sheepherders positioned their flocks between themselves and the mountains. When ravenous bears descended for the kill, the men remained screened in relative safety.

Almost every night, grizzlies crept down to raid valley corrals. Ranch hands, armed with whatever guns were available, huddled around campfires and prepared for the onslaught.

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On one such raid, three bears leaped a corral fence in almost total darkness. The penned sheep panicked and rushed bleating around the corral frantically trying to avoid slashing claws and bone-crunching teeth. Their flailing hooves kicked up clouds of choking dust.

The three men on watch groped toward the bedlam of terrified live-

Usually the dangerous animals kept to the rugged high ground, snatching stray steers whenever they could and generally avoiding men. But with most of the cattle dead, sheep became the bears' main prey. That brought grizzlies into frequent clashes with the ranchers.

stock. One ranch hand, armed with a muzzle-loading rifle, caught a glimpse of a bear savaging a sheep and quickly fired. The wounded grizzly bellowed and retreated. Shotgun blasts drove off the two other bears. Later that night, several other hungry bears invaded another corral on the ranch.

All that happened in what is now downtown Lompoc.

Poison was the most potent weapon ranchers had against the bears. One-third of a bottle of strychnine lacing a sheep's hindquarters was the usual deadly dose. Scores of Lompoc grizzlies, some as massive as 800 pounds, died that way.

Grizzlies could be quite bold. One night, in San Miguelito Canyon just south of present-day Lompoc, a few men guarded a sheep corral. One of the ranch hands wandered away from camp and encountered two bears. He raised his muzzle-

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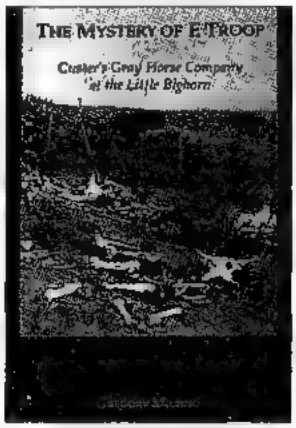

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loader and pulled the trigger, but the old rifle misfired. He frantically clicked the trigger, trying to get off a shot. The curious grizzlies, attracted by the noise, warily approached. When the beasts closed to fifty feet, the terrified rancher unholstered his revolver and blasted twice. Man and bears fled unharmed in opposite directions.

Later that night in the canyon, another bear jumped a corral fence; ranchers drove it off with a hail of bullets and shotgun pellets. The defenders were congratulating themselves when the bear began to bellow close by. Certain that a crazed, wounded grizzly was attacking, the ranch hands sprinted for a nearby cabin. In the rush, they tangled their gun barrels in the door frame. By the time they managed to barricade themselves inside, the bear was gone.

RANCHERS VALUED a good bear dog for its ability to chase away grizzlies, but sometimes they could place too much faith in a dog. One cocky Lompoc ranch hand bragged that his cur "would tackle any bear that wore hair on its back." To prove his point and win a bet, he led a small party into San Miguelito Canyon. His dog bounded out of sight. A few moments later the dog reappeared, tail between its legs, with a huge roaring grizzly in pursuit. The yelping dog ran directly to its owner. The men scrambled onto a tree limb while the dog cringed below. The bear advanced to within a few yards, then lost interest and lumbered away.

In the end, though, the magnificent animals were no match for determined men armed with poison and firearms. By 1874, when Lompoc's temperance colony was founded, the grizzlies were just a memory.

Some people claim that, on Lompoc's stormiest nights, the ghostly bellows of grizzly bears echo through the canyons above the city. Others, of course, say it is just the wind.

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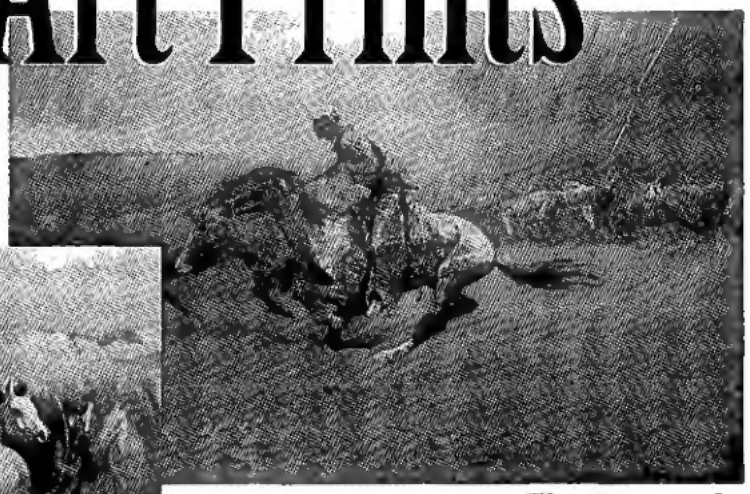

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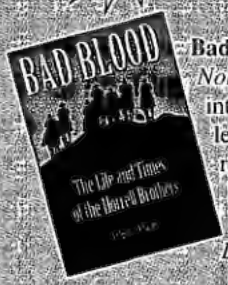

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